

Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 18, 1963 25 CENTS

SECRETS OF THE SHORT GAME

by JERRY BARBER





For men on the go. The Crew-saders.

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(So much more comfortable, it's changing America's shaving habits!)

Norelco rotary blades *stroke* off whiskers

Can't scrape or nick like razor blades. Can't pinch or pull like hair clipper types
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Norelco Rotary Blades

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reach every whisker!

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Norelco

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Next week

REX OF CALIFORNIA Rex Ellsworth, that is, plans to become king of the U.S. turf, and this is the year he will mount an attack on three fronts with racing's most powerful stable

A STORM IS BUILDING between the Boston Celtics, pro basketball's old champs, and the young Los Angeles Lakers. See what happens behind the scenes when these foes clash.

SANDLOT CAPITAL of the world is the Dominican Republic, which will have 50 players in the majors and minors this year. Robert Cantwell looks into the source of this talent.

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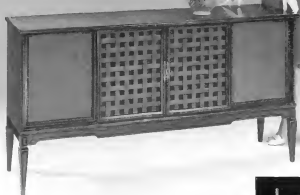
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- "Background Listening" Control!
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- "Second-Room Stereo" extension-speaker outlets!
- Brilliant 3-way Sound System!



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This stroboscopic photo shows the new "Scratch Guard" Tone Arm with Floating Diamond Needle being scraped across record *without harm!*



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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

SCORECARD

LET'S WAIT AND SEE

The change in baseball's strike zone, an instant trip back to the rule that prevailed 75 years ago and survived until 1950, has been announced officially, but it won't be known whether the change is *de facto* until the season opens in April. The men who really run baseball, the umpires, must pass on it first. After all, they have ignored for years the rule that second base must actually be tagged on a double play and, with the same insouciance, the one that calls for the first baseman to have his foot on the sack, not just inches from it, on a put-out.

In a Florida exhibition game between Milwaukee and Detroit a few years ago the Tigers pulled off what all considered a game-ending double play for a victory. But the second-base umpire yelled "Safe!" and Milwaukee went on to win. After the game the umpire said he and his colleagues had been ordered to end the "loose call" by which it had been accepted practice to call the runner on the front end of a double play out if the man making the play could drag his foot reasonably close to second base.

Came April, and the old "loose call" was back in vogue. Now the new strike rule will be given a try in exhibition games. But we'll believe it's really in effect when, during the regular season, a high pitch sails just under the chin of Mickey Mantle and the man in blue belows "Strike!"

NO DECISION BOUT

After almost a year's examination of the state of professional boxing, a New York State joint legislative committee, purportedly contemplating abolition of the sport, called in the defense last week. Answering the bell were a soft-spoken minister named Henry Armstrong, a bespectacled public relations man named Carmen Basilio and a poet named Cassius Clay, among others.

In all, boxing presented a good account of itself—its importance in the fight against juvenile delinquency, its historic value to the socially downtrodden. And, in the end, it seemed clear

that, for all the committee's huffing and puffing, even to the point of drawing up a bill that would abolish boxing, no action will be taken at this legislative session. The committee has until March 31 to offer its recommendations and probably will propose that the sport be put on probation for another year.

THE DECOROUS SPORTSMAN

Miss Vanderbilt's *New Complete Book of Etiquette* is just out and, in a chapter devoted to decorum in sport, makes the observation that "Sportsmen are notably intolerant about non-conformist behavior." With this as thesis, and ignoring all that used to go on at Ebbets Field, it makes some points, including the fact that nonconformist Miss Vanderbilt prefers to score badminton by ping-pong rules. Among the points.

1) Tennis. "Spectators . . . have the right to watch the game without being



jolted by loud hoots of triumph, yells of despair, swearing, shouted imprecations, racket throwing or other unseemly exhibitionism."

2) Fox hunting. "If you have had no experience with jumpers, do not accept a hunting invitation."

3) Skiing. "Take your lessons seriously, or there is a fine chance that you may break your neck."

4) Skating. "Generously proportioned

women would do well to eschew the ballerina-type costume."

5) Swimming. "You do not swim beneath the diving board, for reasons that should be perfectly obvious."

It's a good, sensible and even entertaining presentation of the etiquette of sport, written with a fine understanding that the purpose of sport is fun.

LIKE BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW

It has been a sorry season for the skiing fraternity of our California slopes—little or no snow, you know—and last week the California Ski Operators Association asked Governor Pat Brown to declare the state's ski country a disaster area, like the Polo Grounds when the New York Mets are playing there. Not only lack of snow but recent floods have imperiled a \$20 million investment. Most resorts have had at best two or three days of skiing, except in extremely high sections, and some are hanging on by their financial fingernails. The first heavy snow fell two weeks ago and revived hope, but temperatures rose and rain ruined everything below 8,000 feet.

DRILLMASTER

There's a man in Odessa, Texas named Jay Dee Amburgey who says he can raise your bowling average 10 pins just by drilling a ball to suit you. Rancher and oilman, Jay Dee is 55 and didn't take up bowling until he was 48. For the past three years he has been working on his theory, has patented a special drill and, has employed University of Colorado engineers as consultants on the law of physics behind it all. In the past two years, he says, he has spent \$25,000 on the project, which he regards as a hobby.

"There's no doubt about it at all," he says, "that the way you balance a ball can make you hit the pins about 40% harder."

It will not, however, make you a more accurate shooter.

"You've still got to bowl," Amburgey concedes. "It won't help you if the ball doesn't roll down there and hit the pocket. But I can guarantee to raise anyone's average. It just depends on how good a ball a person might have at the outset."

Amburgey tells how he experimented on 10 bowlers of assorted ability, including one beginner and one who hadn't bowled in six months.

"Last year," he says, "they bowled 17 300-games, either in league or match competition."

continued



"YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A MILLIONAIRE TO PLAY LIKE ONE."

Walter Hagen

New Haig Ultra for 1963

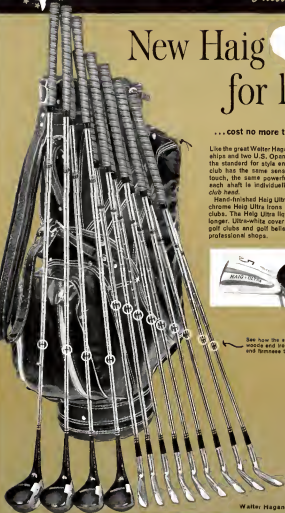
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Hand-finished Haig Ultra woods and handsome, jeweled chrome Haig Ultra irons cost no more than the next best clubs. The Haig Ultra liquid center golf ball stays livelier longer. Ultra-white cover stays dazzling white. Haig Ultra golf clubs and golf balls are available only through golf professional shops.



See how the shafts are marked on both woods and irons to show specified flex and firmness to match each club head



Walter Hagen Golf - Grand Rapids, Michigan



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RCA Victor introduced the High Fidelity Color Tube, proved in use to give you a picture up to 60% brighter

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On what law of physics is the system based? Jay Dee isn't saying.

WHO DOESN'T CRY AT WEDDINGS?

Bob Rosburg, who was PGA winner in 1959, got married two weeks ago in Palm Springs and, naturally, a lot of golfers were there. Something about the gathering, maybe too many people, was upsetting to Bob's little son by a previous marriage, Bruce, age 10. He burst into tears.

One of the guests took Bruce into an adjoining room, held him on his lap for 15 minutes, spoke soothing words and pretty well straightened everything out. The comforter: former President and still golfer, Dwight D. Eisenhower.

THE INSIDE TRACK

• Mississippi State will not go to the NCAA Midwest playoffs should it win the Southeastern Conference basketball championship. Wade Walker, Mississippi's athletic director, says, "There is an unwritten law here that state universities can't compete against athletic teams that include Negroes. We will continue to abide by that law."

• Batters are viewing with some apprehension and pitchers with jubilation the new starting time for Kansas City Athletics night home games, 7 p.m. on week nights and 6 p.m. on Saturdays. Even with lights, twilight shadows make it extremely difficult to follow a pitch at those hours.

• Adolph Rupp, master of basketball at Kentucky, has scorned the zone defense for 32 years, but intricate new shuffle offenses have been giving his team trouble. Now Rupp has Kentucky's freshman team using the zone defense. Look for Rupp's varsity to try the zone against some teams next season.

A TAX ON QUALITY

New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller, struggling to reconcile a campaign promise not to raise taxes with the state's apparent need for more revenue, has come up with a proposal to increase the harness racing season by 26 days, from Feb. 25 to December 7, and to

continued



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Wheel shimmy at high speeds is ended with Front Load-Levelers holding wheels in alignment.

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Front-end sag takes its toll on every car. It begins when springs take a "set," and changes the entire geometry of your steering system. Wheels continually get out of line, and shimmy at high speeds. Tires are virtually destroyed. Steering becomes difficult. Control of your car is dangerously reduced. Now you can end front-end sag, without costly spring repair, make your car ride better than brand new, and prolong tire life with new Front Load-Leveler stabilizing units by Monroe. Installed in place of your present front shock absorbers, Front Load-Levelers give firm support to sagging springs and compensate for "set." They

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SCORECARD Continued

have 10 races a night, instead of nine.

Offhand, one would think that more racing means more sport, and if it did just that we'd be all for it. The governor's proposal, however, would diminish the quality of harness racing. For years horsemen have complained that they lack sufficient time during winter months to teach young horses to trot and pace. It takes longer to accustom a Standardbred to a gait and a sulky than it does to teach a Thoroughbred to run. Extending the season would further reduce training time. There is, besides, a shortage of horses in New York state and, as one track official observed, it is hard enough now to put together nine good races a night, let alone 10.

There have been reports that the Albany politicians also would like to extend the flat racing season, but apparently the New York Racing Association, unlike those who run the trots, is strong enough to argue with Albany. If an increase in racing days gives more people the opportunity to enjoy racing (as in the establishment of the new tracks, Finger Lakes and Liberty Bell), the governor's idea is good. If horsemen need more races for their stock, as at Santa Anita and Hollywood Park, an increase is necessary. But if a state forces tracks to extend seasons solely for revenue and to the detriment of racing, the action is unconscionable.

SEDENTARY RICHES

The millions who get their spectator sport kicks from television, thus avoiding traffic jams, fresh air, the stadium hot dog and like disagreeables, are doing very well in 1963, especially on weekends. In 1958 you could see only two hours of network-distributed sport on a Sunday, and that included an hour and a half of roller derby. In 1963 there are 3½ hours of Sunday sport and on Saturday there are 7½ hours, for a grand total of 11 weekend hours in which a sedentary person may vicariously ski in Europe, race at Monte Carlo, ride in a rodeo, fight a bull or beat Arnold Palmer at golf.

Quality has improved, too. One of the best of the new shows is NBC's series, *Sports International*, with Bud Palmer as interlocutor. A couple of weeks ago the series showed an informative and engrossing study of the bullfight, its colorful history and traditions. Other shows will be about big-game fishing, mount-

tain climbing, the sports of Japan and Thailand, automobile racing, and will even cover athletic events behind the Iron Curtain, during which a sharp look at troika racing will be taken.

ICING, SOUTHERN STYLE

Some observers feel that the rise of successful Eastern Hockey League franchises in such unlikely locales as Charlotte, Greensboro, Knoxville and Nashville (with Jacksonville and Jackson pending) means that hockey is invading the South. Not so. The South is invading hockey, shaping the game in its own image. Hockey in the North has generally been a Spartan sport, but to southern promoters "icing" means pageantry between periods. In at least one city these gentlemen, reluctant to leave cash customers popping their knuckles during a half hour of intermission, have induced local belles to venture onto the ice. Skate-shod, Confederate-clad and wobbly-legged, the ladies draw cheers on appearance, but the appreciation is most fervent when they bring the Stars and Bars out to center ice. What happens when the Rebel yells have died down? The band plays *Dixie*.

THEY SAID IT

• Frank Howard, Clemson football coach, urging a change of rules to allow one-year scholarships instead of the present four years: "If a high school kid signs a grant-in-aid now, he is in for four years, whether he can play or not. I've got some of them over in Clemson just about eating me out of house and home."

• Bob Hope, stockholder and director of the Cleveland Indians, on obscure baseball decisions: "Baseball could please the fans by letting them in on decisions by umpires on the field. Why, I've been in stadiums around the country and there have been times when even the writers didn't know what had happened. That's not fair to the guy who pays the freight."

• Ex-champion Joe Louis on another ex-champion, Floyd Patterson: "He'd be better off walking the streets and relaxing than sticking himself in a training camp so far ahead of a fight. All you do in those long camps is get nervous."

• Bob Blackman, Dartmouth's football coach: "Today's player is much stronger than the player of years past. The reason is the program of isometric contraction and weight lifting that nearly every college team has adopted within the last five years."

END



Mark Twain's favorite- Bourbon or Scotch?

Perhaps at one time or another, you've seen Mark Twain featured in our Old Crow advertising. The reason is that Mark Twain's favorite bourbon was Old Crow. He was known to have been so pleased with it that he made a trip to Kentucky to visit James Crow's distillery. There he ordered 25 barrels of Old Crow for his favorite tavern in Elmira, New York.

But recently we were challenged. An executive from a competitive whiskey company wrote us saying he had incontrovertible evidence proving Mark Twain to be a Scotch drinker!

We checked immediately and found that yes, it was true, the great American author *had* once been a Scotch drinker during his early years! But further digging revealed that subsequently he *changed to bourbon!*

Now, many folks are going through the same taste change that Mark Twain experienced. They've tasted them all and found bourbon is the best. It has *taste*, for goodness sake—and *smoothness*. Have you tried the time-honored flavor of *light, mild* Old Crow 86 proof Kentucky bourbon? It is America's favorite. Try it and you'll see why Mark Twain changed to Old Crow.



Light • Mild 86 Proof

OLD
CROW
Kentucky Bourbon



THE EGG AND THE NET

Spectator tennis is sick. Participant tennis is flourishing. But there is ominous news from Australia. In that sports-happy country people are beginning to get tired of both

by ROGER S. HEWLETT



Great luminous eggs of inflated nylon like those shown below are beginning to hatch out a flock of winter tennis fans in Connecticut exurbia. Held aloft under gentle air pressure pumped in by a small blower, these vinyl-coated balloons provide simple weatherproof indoor courts, and are helping to generate a new warmth of enthusiasm for cold-weather tennis—the Norwalk courts shown here are booked solid throughout the winter. Although the tennis they themselves played may not have been the very best in the world, none of the suburbanites who had reserved

their right to a single hour at the Norwalk Center one night last week felt any inclination to give it up so they could watch the game being played by champions. And that—quite possibly—is the principal problem of tennis today.

In New York's Madison Square Garden, some 35 miles southwest of Norwalk, red-haired Rod Laver, the one and only officially accredited tennis champion of four nations and the newest of the playing professionals, was matching strokes with five of his peers—Ken Rosewall, Barry MacKay, Butch Buehholz, Luis Ayala and Andres Gimeno—

continued

Paul Rand



in what the pro association now headed by Tony Trabert chooses to call the "World Series" of professional tennis.

The pro association is the tennis co-operative that took the place of live-wire Jack Kramer when he decided (partly for personal reasons, partly for diplomatic ones) to retire from promoting. With Kramer just one of the group, the pros are now running the show themselves.

The tour in which Rod began to earn his \$110,000 guarantee (for three years of play) opened last week in Boston and will continue across the country until 65 matches in all have been played. At the end of that time Laver may have won an additional first-prize kitty of \$35,000 and a makeshift title (Professional Champion of the World) to add to those he already possesses. But if the upathy of those concerned with Rod's debut at the Boston Garden last Friday was any indication, few beyond dedicated tennis fans will be holding their breath over the result. "Nobody comes to these things," said a bored Boston usher surveying the half-empty house.

In Madison Square Garden, where the tour finally matched Laver and the current "pro champion," Ken Rosewall, the crowd was a little better and the play was deft and expert. Laver held up his end of it brilliantly. Rosewall had a rough time beating him, 12-10, in the one long "pro" (i.e., 10 games instead of six) set they played. But for all of the skill displayed, the atmosphere in which it was presented was as full of apology as that at Germantown or Newport when a club proabsentmindedly beats the hide off the club champion. Before the matches the manager of the tour felt called upon to remind the audience in the Garden that the real (i.e., amateur) national indoor championships were to take place at a nearby armory the following week, as if to say his champions in no way wished to interfere. And this despite the fact that any one of the six players in the Garden could easily defeat the best at the armory.

The absurd imbalance of this situation was patently plain. Yet only a week before, the organization officially responsible for the welfare of tennis in the U.S. resolutely turned its back on the whole problem. Concerned only with some mysterious menace it called "creeping professionalism," the delegates to the annual meeting of the United States Lawn Tennis Association in Fort Laud-

erdale, Fla., voted to declare themselves opposed to any form of open competition for the foreseeable future. High principle may have determined the vote of some of the delegates, but for most, it seems safe to say, the decision reflected the desire of small men to keep control over large affairs.

Like its counterparts in England and many other nations, the organization that controls U.S. tennis is not an organization of players. It is an organization of tennis clubs. Its only relationship to the player is that of a licensing authority. Each of these hundreds of member clubs is jealous above all of its local authority, its control of local tournaments, its percentage of control of regional tournaments and its say in respect to national tournaments. It is no more anxious to put tournament tennis into the genuine big time than the Jolly Masquers of East Footlight are to invite M-G-M to take over their little drama club. This was the menace that Jack Kramer presented, and the fact that it provoked the fox-terrier hostility of the USLTA was the main reason he stepped out of the picture.

The excuse that USLTA officials give for their backward march is that tennis is doing fine as it is—so why sully it? By "doing fine" they mean, and quite rightly, that more people are playing and enjoying tennis today than ever before. This is true everywhere—almost. Since Japan's crown prince met his princess on a Tokyo tennis court in 1957, more and more Japanese have raced to follow suit. Sparked by the success of its picturesque doubles team in Davis Cup play, Italian tennis has boomed in the postwar years. In the U.S., sales of tennis equipment have risen from \$8.3 million in 1953 to \$15.3 million in fiscal 1962. The number of Americans who play is estimated at more than 7 million, while golf can boast no more than 6 million. In an enthusiasm still fired by the memory of its great foursome—Lacoste, Borotra, Cochet and Brugnon—and the hope that more like them may emerge again, Frenchmen are flocking to the tennis courts. Sales of tennis equipment have risen some 70% over the last decade, and the spokesman for a French association of sporting-goods manufacturers claims the rise would have been far higher if the nation could have kept pace with the demand for courts. Yet, in almost every nation except England



National competition was enlivened by the rivalry of Big Bill Tilden (above) and



International interest focused on the clash between Helen Wills (above), the "Little



compact Little Bill Johnston in the '20s
Year after year they fought for top place



"Poker Face," and France's leaving Suzanne Lenglen, who made tennis a dance.

(where watching tennis, like watching cricket, has become a habit) the number of spectators has dwindled as the number of players has increased. Why, of all sports fans, do those addicted to tennis care so little about watching their sport at the summit? One answer may be that there no longer is a summit.

Nor is the participant trend irreversible. The happy USLTA notion that lots of little tennis makes big tennis unnecessary is being eroded by an ominous development in Australia, which for some years has been the capital of both the spectator and participant game. Aussie fans have always put aside their own rackets cheerfully at Christmastime to watch and cheer the fierce international matches (usually between Aussies and Americans) of the Davis Cup challenge round. But with the recent failure of the U.S. (or anyone else) to present a serious challenge, spectator interest has lapsed. So, significantly, has participant interest. Thus far this season's tremor has not spanned any oceans, but it may. In the meantime Australian sporting-goods manufacturers are deeply worried and have organized a lobby (the first time they ever needed one) to beef up interest in playing tennis.

This situation is doubly important because Australians are the most passionately caring of all sports fans. There is no nonsense about counting not if you win or lose. Aussies count the wins. When the wins cease to mean anything the Aussies lose interest in the whole thing.

There are those in America who claim that the trouble with this country is that too many people gawk and too few people play, as if there were something incompatible between the two. But as Australia has already begun to prove, and as every kid playing sandlot baseball and dreaming of Maury Wills well knows, a game that is dead on top is scarcely worth playing at the bottom.

Since the ancient Greeks first carved their amphitheatres out of mountainsides, simple men have sat in galleries and seen their own small lives projected in great heroic drama played out upon the stage. For just as long, the world of sport on every level has achieved its ultimate in point and meaning through the clash of champions in top contention before partisan spectators.

Great sport needs more than a display of skill. It needs heroes and villains, a convincing cast of characters and a gripping

plot to carry them along. Top tournament tennis today lacks point because it has been robbed of dramatic value. Its theater is not that of Shakespeare—it is that of Henry Hassenspeffer appearing in the school play.

Tennis itself may have been no better in the 1920s than it is today. Arguments can go on forever over the relative merits of the big game and the backcourt duel. Could Tilden have taken Gonzales? Who knows? For seven years, however, from 1919 through 1925, fans could and did ask themselves: Can Tilden take Johnston? And they waited, breathless, for the tournaments from season to season to find the answer. The clashes of those two were fast with drama, and there was solid point in going to Forest Hills to see them. The point was caring who won. It was that simple.

It was that simple when the U.S. champion, Helen Wills, looking the picture of the prim Puritan maid, clashed on the courts with France's madly prancing *femme fatale*, Suzanne Lenglen, whose canny father used to insure adequate reward over expenses for his daughter by "betting" she would show up at tournaments. (The tournament promoters would, of course, be required to bet she wouldn't.)

It was that simple when, with the clouds of war forming once again over Germany, a lanky young American red-head named Budge took on a blond *Zwicker* baron named von Cramm and slapped him down.

For a brief moment last year Rod Laver gave tennis a sense of plot when he called his shot first and then went on to win the Grand Slam. His countrywoman, Margaret Smith, sketched out the possibility of high drama when she defied the stuffy authoritarians of the Australian association and established herself, unassisted, as the world's top woman player.

But such drama is only valid if it is sustained. Tennis is so rent today with pointless argument that no one has the chance to make the long, suspenseful ascent from the broad plain of promising participation to the summit of undisputed supremacy. One ardent reformer blames all tennis' troubles on the invidious presence of the word "love" in the score. Perhaps he is right at that. Love is said to derive from *l'ouf*, French for egg, and, as drama, tennis is certainly laying an egg.

END





PHOTOGRAPHY

Form Fore and Aft

No matter how they slice it, golf for some miscreant enthusiasts is more fun than form. For 50¢ at the Studio City driving range in Los Angeles, Sunday drivers like these shown here can get a bucket of balls and fire at will, letting the chips fall where they may. Perhaps no one will ever know how the balls, the club and the lady wielding it in the third picture from the left assumed their relative positions. But since all of the girls seem to be enjoying themselves, more power to them. Let Jerry Barber worry about proper men's form (see page 32).

LEO: UNDER THE SUNSET GUN

After decades as a ballplayer and manager who yearned to be a theatrical figure, Leo Durocher has become a famous theatrical figure making a noisy, explosive fight to stay in baseball by ROBERT CANTWELL

When Leo Durocher returned to baseball he talked to reporters at the Dodger's spring-training camp about his new house. "From left to right I have a view of the Pacific Ocean and all the San Fernando Valley," he declaimed lyrically, adding what is perhaps the most imitable attraction ever listed for a piece of real estate: "The Nixon house is spread below me, and I can drop a baseball down his chimney." Observing that Frank Sinatra lived across the canyon, Durocher said, "I can hardly wait to holler at him, 'Get up, you skinny bum!'"

Two years have passed, and now at the edge of the third season of Durocher's reincarnation with the Dodgers, it appears that these simple pleasures have not palled. He is a hard-working and conscientious baseball functionary whose strident, brassy voice is loud and unceasing. He rises early every morning at training camp or at home. His uniform is always immaculate and his \$50 handmade baseball shoes are unscuffed. Fifteen years ago he was managing the Dodgers and knocking out grounders to the likes of Pee Wee Reese and Gil Hodges. When the Dodgers leave next week for Vero Beach, Leo is to go along for his third year as third-base coach, and he will be knocking out grounders to Maury Wills and Pee Wee Oliver and Bill Skowron. To a great many people, and perhaps to Durocher himself, the most astonishing fact is that he is going back to Vero Beach at all.

It was only four months ago, after the awful moment in Dodger history when the Giants won the third game of the playoff, that Leo made his famous comment about the managing of Manager Walter Alston. "We would have won the pennant," he said with characteris-

tact and modesty, "if I had been managing." Did he really say it? Whether he did or not, he precipitated another of those loud executive-suite quarrels which, among the Dodgers, are conducted with all the discretion and privacy of the filming of *Cleopatra*. Buzzie Bavasi, the general manager, announced that either Durocher would leave or he would, and with that he set out after the reporter who first quoted Leo's alleged words.

According to the reporter, an Associated Press correspondent from San Francisco, "fisticuffs were mentioned." Walter O'Malley, queried in the Wyoming mountains where he was prudently hunting bighorn sheep, refused to join the bickering in the ranks. "This is no time to make comments," he said. Walter Alston, heading for his home in Darrtown, Ohio to spend the winter at his favorite hobbies of making furniture and trapshooting, said nothing. Peace slowly returned, and Leo hung on to his post, to the surprise of more than a few.

It was only two years ago that Leo was widely quoted as saying he was blacklisted by organized baseball and couldn't get a job with any club. Only last summer there were stories that his health had failed. He collapsed before a Dodgers-Mets game. A doctor summoned by the public-address system couldn't find the visitors' clubhouse at the Polo Grounds. He eventually located Durocher, suffering from penicillin shock, being attended by the team trainers and Alston. In another five minutes a doctor would have been too late.

So there were several reasons why it was surprising that a healthy-looking Durocher would be returning to Vero. D'Malley, who seemed to have decid-

ed to take no action about the fighting within the organization—just to show he wasn't influenced by publicity, according to one account—now added still another explosive element to the Dodger mixture: he announced the hiring of Charley Dressen, perhaps the only man in the majors who can challenge Leo Durocher for general tactlessness and an ability to worsen bad situations, and who has, moreover, fought historic battles with Leo in the past. WILL DISSENSION DESTROY THE DODGERS? asked a sports magazine anxiously.

In the comfortable offices at Dodger Stadium in Chavez Ravine last week the atmosphere was outwardly pacific. Bavasi long ago had announced that he was convinced the report of Durocher's alleged remarks was untrue. He said there would be no trouble because of Dressen; Charley would be on the road scouting all the time. "Nobody's ever going to change Leo," Bavasi said. Mr. D'Malley, looking 10 years younger than he had when the season ended, appeared to be enjoying the general public interest in Dodger affairs. As for Leo, he was hurrying off to make a speech to the Athletic Club at Albuquerque, returning to Los Angeles in time for a testimonial affair for D'Malley at the Hotel Ambassador, the presentation of oil paintings of his players.

Durocher at 56 is almost bald, and his hair is white, but he is still hard, flat-bellied and active, and his rasping and sardonic outcries of vituperation and encouragement are unchanged as he slaps grounders to the rookies. The oldest man on the Dodger squad—Duke Snider, 36—was one year old when Leo was starting in the majors. Oliver, 22, was only one year old when Leo won his first pennant with the Dodgers. At the start of his

continued

TWO HAPPY COMICS. Leo Durocher and Danny Kaye, hats it up. Kaye is a member of the "m" group of Hollywood celebrities whom Durocher cultivated for many years.



31st season in pro baseball, Leo Durocher is substantially unchanged from the blustering and unpredictable figure he was at the start.

Or almost unchanged. In those days he was a famous baseball character who wanted to be a theatrical figure, and now he is a theatrical character who rejoices every day that he is back in baseball. His home is in Trousdale Estates, a new and fashionable development of elegant one-story houses threaded up a long, dry, bony ridge, where half-acre lots start at \$50,000 or \$75,000 and where the neighbors, in addition to Richard Nixon, include Dinah Shore, Gypsy Rose Lee, Cornel Wilde, Vic Damone and a number of executives, lawyers and physicians. Durocher fits into a Hollywood environment in a way that people who remember him only as Leo the Lip in his Brooklyn days can hardly credit. The combination of his old hard-bitten baseball knowledge and experience and his new consciousness of himself as an authentic Hollywood celebrity makes this most recent phase of his career unique in the history of baseball.

"Leo has been a pain in the neck to me for a good many years," said Walter O'Malley at a testimonial dinner celebrating Durocher's return to the Dodgers. "When I was a lawyer in Brooklyn he was my favorite client." Recalling those good old days at Ebbets Field, O'Malley lingered fondly on the golden year of 1947, when Commissioner Happy Chandler unexpectedly suspended Durocher for the entire season. "That year he was banned," O'Malley concluded nostalgically, "we paid him \$50,000 for not working for the Dodgers." A good many other eminent authorities on sport added similar tributes to Durocher's accomplishments and character—among the speakers were George Jessel, Milton Berle, Dean Martin, Buddy Hackett, George Burns, Tony Curtis, Don Dunley and Kirk Douglas—and, as a belated reminder that the game of baseball had something to do with it, Don Drysdale sang *Take Me Out to the Ball Game*.

In addition to honoring Leo, this historic occasion was also a charity benefit, a dinner at the Beverly Hilton Hotel for 1,500 at \$15 apiece, the sponsor saying that another 5,000 places could have been sold for \$50 each. Buddy Hackett said that as a boy in Brooklyn the baseball exploits of Leo Durocher inspired

him with a lifelong resolve to become a golfer. Durocher was altogether untroubled by such elliptical commentaries on his dedication to sport. "If they hold dinners for guys like Dean Martin in places like this," he said, "they should have staged mine in the Coliseum."

Now he has become a Hollywood punch-line artist instead of the choleric dugout brawler whose fame once depended largely on the frequency with which he blew up. When the Dodgers leave Los Angeles for Vero Beach next week, Leo will accompany them as he does on Dodger road trips—that is, he will be driven to the plane in his blue hardtop Cadillac, and he will probably play a little gin rummy for small stakes, and he undoubtedly will contribute to that gentle ribbing which is a part of Dodger tradition. He is only the third-base coach, but Leo Durocher at third base is a little like John Quincy Adams returning to the House of Representatives after the presidency because the country needed him. Durocher probably is the only third-base coach to be paid \$25,000 a year, and he is certainly the only one who has half a dozen \$250 suits tailored for him annually at Sy Devore's shop in Hollywood, and the only one who owns 30 alpaca sweaters of every color, 75 pairs of slacks, six topcoats of different weights, four tuxedos, innumerable \$25 tapered shirts made for him by a French shirtmaker, and a good many pairs of \$125 shoes.

In retrospect it is easy to trace the bright-lights impulse that led Durocher to such Hollywoodian elegances. His early years have been so thoroughly reported by Robert Shaplen (SI, May 23, 30, June 6, 1955) that little remains to be said of them; however, it may be worth pointing out that West Springfield, Mass., where he was born in 1906, was the home town of Rabbit Maranville, who was not only a great shortstop but a good song-and-dance man and the star of a vaudeville act that climaxed when he slid into a bass drum. Any ballplayer from Springfield in Maranville's great days came naturally into a theatrical heritage.

Durocher's Hollywood success on a major scale began when the Giants met the Cleveland Indians in the World Series of 1954. He was certain that the Giants were going to beat the Indians

handily, and said so vigorously at private Hollywood gatherings, though the pre-Series odds against the Giants were 2 to 1. According to Corney Jackson, a Hollywood friend, Leo never exactly said that the Giants could win it in four straight games but, what with his confidence (and the fact that the odds against the Giants taking four straight were set at 22 to 1), some of his Hollywood friends, including Jackson, bet the Giants would win four in a row. Thus they did, of course, and it was enough to set off a well-nigh continuous round of celebrations in Leo's honor, with such impressive characters as the Marx Brothers, George Jessel, Tony Martin, Danny Kaye, Danny Thomas and some 600 others bailing him at a celebration at the Hillcrest Country Club as soon as he got back to Hollywood.

Durocher's life in those days was about as orderly as any triumphant baseball manager's life is likely to be. He was the Manager of the Year, the winner of the Wrigley award for the game's greatest comeback, and the guest of honor at innumerable gatherings, the celebrations continuing until about the first week in June of the following year, when the Giants had fallen 12 games behind. That fall Durocher and the Giants parted company. "He was a 1:30 to 4 p.m. manager," wrote Dick Young of the *New York Daily News*. "He'd play gin rummy in the clubhouse before the game, and run off with his showfolks buddies as soon as the game ended." Leo Durocher was now out of baseball for the first time since he joined the company team of the Waco Electric Co. of Springfield, makers of motorcycle batteries, 32 years before. For the first time, also, he became a full-time Beverly Hills resident as a National Broadcasting Company executive, with a salary then reported to be \$81,000 a year. He was a liaison officer between the network and its talent—"My job is to make Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis happy," he explained.

What isn't generally known is how much a part of the Hollywood scene Leo became in the five years he was out of baseball. Interviewed by a baseball writer, he talked about actors. "Many, many of my best friends live here," he said, "guys like Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Danny Kaye, Spencer Tracy, George Burns and Jack Benny." Durocher played golf three or four days a week at Hillcrest, and on most afternoons he

could be found with some kindred spirit like Sinatra at the Friars. The gin rummy game in which he regularly played had the status of an institution. About the time of his divorce from Laraine Day (he had married the film star in 1947) the local newspapers were festooned with pictures of a beautiful girl named Lorne Thomas, with whom he was often seen, and even last year, when it was reported that he was going to Cleveland as manager of the Indians, Louella Parsons inquired in her column: "What is this with Anna Kashfi and Leo Durocher? They were in the corner at George Lin's Koolowen, holding hands at dinner."

All told, it would be difficult to round up a more representative collection of stock Hollywood items than those Durocher has provided. When his network job ended in 1959, a friend reported, "Leo made a discovery not unfamiliar in Hollywood. 'Guys who were once my pals aren't any longer,' he said." His idle weeks dwindled on into months. "Nobody came knocking at my door," he said. "My pride was hurt." In 15 months only one offer came his way. Herman Franks, who had been the third-base coach when Leo was manager with the Giants, wanted him to manage Salt Lake in the Pacific Coast League. Leo decided against it, but he had to face some hard facts. At least five major managing jobs—the Tigers, the Senators, the Athletics the Giants and the Angels—had gone to other people in the intervening period. Acting with carefully premeditated impulsiveness, Leo called a Los Angeles sportswriter and confided that he was being blackballed by baseball's owners. "They may think I'm too controversial," he said. "I always say what's on my mind." A second possibility occurred to him. "A guy like me makes a lot of enemies. Any opinionated guy does. When things were going good with me, I probably stepped on a lot of toes without even knowing it."

With a sort of somber eloquence he added, "I'm pretty convinced that my place is in baseball. This is my element, and where I belong. I would like to come back to baseball. I'm not asking for the world with a fence around it."

Would he consider a job as third-base coach of the Dodgers? "I had three of the best coaches in the business when I was with the Giants," he mused. "Herman Franks, Fred Fitzsimmons and Frank Shellenback. We worked as a

team. No man can manage by himself. If I'm going to manage again, I must get familiar with the players around the league. There's no better way to look them over than to coach at third."

Early in the morning on his first stay at Vero Beach, Durocher was a picture of casual splendor in the kitchen of the training-camp cafeteria, conversing with the lady cooks. He wore his white linen slacks and a tailored pink sport shirt. The sullen masses of sleepy baseball players were pushing their trays along the counter, but Leo was at ease on the other side of the counter, explaining how his eggs ought to be poached as he oozed charm among the kitchen help. They poured his prune juice (cooked, as he told them, precisely to his taste), poached his

eggs the way he wanted them and even made him fresh whole wheat toast instead of the dry commodity toasted in advance that was served on the breakfast assembly line. Walter O'Malley, plainly looking as if he wouldn't dare to ask the kitchen force for any special consideration, stood in the cafeteria line, pushing along his tray. "Yuh, pile it on, O'Malley," said Durocher. "You look great. You need calories."

"This was a nice, quiet camp," said O'Malley, "until he came in. He tells my wife I don't give her enough spending money. He tells me what to eat." The Dodger training camp is in a converted naval base, and Leo's assigned quarters, like those of all the unmarried players, were deep in the enlisted

continued



INTRODUCTION TO HOLLYWOOD came to the stagestruck Leo Durocher *early* when he was managing the Dodgers in Brooklyn and became a close friend of movie badman George Raft.

men's barracks, ancient and shabby, with a roof that leaked on a foggy day. Durocher at once applied for living quarters off the base, planning to bring his cook and maid from Beverly Hills. But Buzzie Bavasi ruled against it on the grounds that only married players could be permitted such privileges. Almost immediately Durocher received six widely published proposals of marriage from lonely ladies who wanted to live in Florida. "I wish he would get married," said Bavasi. "and live off the base. Once he borrowed my car to go to town for some toothpaste, and I didn't get it back for eight days."

Out on the field, Leo Durocher was watched with the sort of attention ballplayers usually receive only in the ninth inning with the score tied. Everything was noted about him, what he said as the grounders rolled—"Come on, chum, where do you think you are?"—or his fidgety habit of erasing the white lines around the coaching box with his toe. Actually, he was nervous, and after five years' absence from baseball he was learning how rapidly its personnel changed. Only Duke Sinder and Gil Hodges then remained of the Dodger teams he had managed. Junior Gilliam had been with the Dodgers when Durocher managed the Giants, and Daryl Spencer had played on his Giant team, but most of the others had come up in his years of absence: Tommy Davis, Maury Wills, Frank Howard, Don Drysdale, Willie Davis, Ron Fairly; while Sandy Koufax and Ed Roebuck were newcomers to the major leagues at the time Durocher had bowed out.

One of his first impressions on returning to baseball was that the aspiring contenders at spring training had got much bigger. "Looking at them, you would think they were trying out for the Rams," he said. "We've got kids 6 feet 6 inches tall, and you ask them how old they are and they tell you 18." Another impression was of vastly increased speed: Willie Davis seemed to him the fastest ballplayer he had ever seen, and the whole club phenomenally fast by earlier standards. He was tossed out of the first camp game in the sixth inning, the umpire holding that he wandered illegally outside his coaching box after erasing the white lines around it. When the season started, Alston kept him on the bench beside him, and nothing much happened until a week had passed. One Sunday

there were 27,000 in the stands for a Pittsburgh game, and in the fourth inning Norm Larker lofted a pop fly which Pirate Catcher Hal Smith just failed to reach. It dropped foul, but the Dodgers claimed it had touched Smith's mitt in fair territory. Durocher threw a towel in the dugout. Conlan ordered him out of the game. Leo threw a towel and a batting helmet out on the field, and then walked up to Conlan, hands in his back pockets. "I just kicked dirt on him," said Durocher, "and I think he tried to kick dirt back on me. Only he kicked me in the leg. I kicked back. He kicked back." He paused. "And so on," he said.

"Feel free as if it were an old-fashioned hoodwink," wrote an excited Los Angeles reporter. "It was like the Russian *kazarski* standing up," said another.

"What is baseball coming to?" asked Jocko Conlan. "The season isn't a week old."

"I kicked an umpire once before," Durocher confessed, "but that was accidental. This is the first time an umpire ever kicked me." Banished for three days, he marched off glumly to the showers. Where had he ever got the idea that there were any nice guys?

These days Durocher lives so quietly that the Jocko Conlan incident seems as far away as Ebbets Field. He still blows up with or without provocation, but often nowadays he somehow seems to half blow up, as if something had checked his anger just before it got away from him. "When Leo gets in a fight now it's like two little kids fighting," said one of his friends. "You know, they get sort of embarrassed, and they can't really let go but they think they should." Durocher may start out with a blast like the blaze of an acetylene torch, in a gravel-voiced roar of outrage and perplexity. "What's the idea?" he begins, with the profound moral fervor of a man who not only has never recognized the other fellow's point of view but never even knew there was one. Now, however, he may stop after this familiar beginning to ask with genuine interest and in a changed tone of voice: "What was that you said?" He seems less motivated by a desire for peace than a desire to learn. After 30 years in the majors he gives the impression of suddenly having become intensely interested in the game.

He may drop in at the Friars one day

a week, and these days he is usually alone. He rarely plays golf at Hillcrest, and on the road he keeps to himself. One of the Dodgers said, "He knows so many people that there is generally somebody he visits in every town we play in. If any of his friends like Tony Martin are playing in a nightclub within reach, he goes to hear them, but usually he gets to bed early." All this may not suggest the average routine of a ballplayer, but it is like the sort of program a veteran actor might follow on the road in a revival.

And Durocher gives the impression of being conscious of what he is doing all the time. "He's kind of detached from everyone," said a Dodger official. "He doesn't socialize." True, he raced off last year on a goodwill junket which Frank Sinatra organized for the benefit of needy children. Sinatra went around the world, singing in each country and donating the proceeds to orphanages. "We had a ball!" said Durocher. "We hit all the high spots—Honolulu, Sydney, Singapore, Bagdad, Hong Kong and Tokyo. We visited the Sultan of Johore at his palace. It's some joint!"

But most of the time he concentrates on baseball. Or at least on the dual problem of baseball and keeping his own opinions under control. There were a few bad moments last year. Once he chewed out Ron Fairly for running over his own bat. Then he blasted Willie Davis for failing to handle a fly he had fielded. Then he said they ought to be fined, and Alston told him to stick to coaching and he would do the chewing out. After the unfortunate crack at the farewell dinner, it appeared that the old Durocher was back, though it had taken an unparalleled series of disasters to recall him. He may still be there, under the surface, all the time. But at least Leo now gives every impression of wanting to measure his words.

Now, for perhaps the first time in his life, Leo Durocher seems wholeheartedly concerned with baseball, rather than with the game as a means to the theatrical life he enjoyed. He has pointedly stated that he has no thought of going after Walter Alston's job. "I never did say that you can't be a nice guy and win," he said. "I said that if I was playing third base and my mother rounded third with the winning run, I'd trip her up." At this vivid image of filial disobedience even Leo paused. "It upset my mother very much," he added. **END**



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Any man who has been flattened by one of them knows there is great power in the waves that roll in from the ocean sea. There have been a number of sensible attempts to harness this power—all of them failures. The waves remain useless and wild. No one can prevent them or provide them. They simply come, and therein lies their beauty.

Though they refuse the harness, the waves can be ridden. Probably the Polynesians were the first to do so, for there is mention of the sport of surfing in their old hand-me-down songs. In any case, the discoverer, Captain Cook, saw Hawaiians surfing two centuries ago, at a time most other peoples were reluctant

never quits it. The surfer may move to some distant land like western Kansas and for 10 years have no connection with the surf except the faint sound of it available in the lacquered conch shell on his mantel. Still he is a surfer, and if he ever gets to the shore again he will try to catch the poorest semblance of a catchable wave.

However large a wave he rides, and however perfectly he learns to ride the giant waves, the surfer is never sated. The personification of this strange affliction is 25-year-old Richard Wyman Grigg, an established master of surfing. Grigg is of ordinary size, about 165 pounds, built along the lines of a mod-

tle Canoe Surf line at Waikiki on Oahu, about 20 novices learn to ride waves within an hour. One of those who succeeded typically on a balmy day this winter was Miss Audrey Davis, age 20, of Portland, Ore. As a clean wave rose two feet high behind Miss Davis, her instructor, Tony Valentin, simply gave her board a push. When he saw Miss Davis' head and her behind disappear over the crest, Valentin barked, "Stand up!" Miss Davis did so and rode the wave 200 yards until it died away near the steep shore.

In winter the Canoe Surf is made of easy walls of water—utter boredom for the master of the art but challenging enough for a beginner like Miss Davis.

RIDERS OF THE SURGING SEA

The surfer is never satisfied. He perpetually dreams of bigger and better waves, and he wanders from beach to beach searching for the roaring green giants that will give him a perfect ride

by COLES PHINIZY

to take a bath. In the century after Cook the islands were plagued by a variety of intent visitors who, in the rude manner of the human race, felt obliged to redo the place and become the keepers of their Hawaiian brothers. The sport of surfing was judged a sin, and it came very near death. But as the sport languished it got into the blood of some of the visitors. Since the turn of this century there has been no stopping it.

There are today at least 150,000 surfers the world around—a rough estimate that includes a good number who are stranded too far inland to do much riding at all. There are active and inactive surfers; there are poor surfers and good ones, and dead ones, but there is no such thing as an ex-surfer. The various tugs and rhythms of the sea become a vital part of many creatures in it. Certain crabs of the Adriatic, if displaced to the western coast of Italy, will try to return home across the Apennines. The Adriatic is in them and, in some equally strange way, surfing gets in the human system and

ern swimmer or gymnast. In a manner peculiar to surfers, he carries his head erect and his face tilted slightly upward, as if constantly looking for the first sign of a wave against the sky. He began surfing as he grew up in Santa Monica, Calif. And surfing has left a few marks on him—a small scar on his chin and another several inches long just under his ribs, through which his spleen was removed after the plunging nose of a surfboard ruptured it. Grigg's present life, with its various preoccupations, would be simpler without surfing: he is working on his master's thesis at the University of Hawaii and supporting his wife at the same time. But Grigg finds it hard to give the sport up, and this sometimes bothers him. "I still like surfing," he says thoughtfully at times, "but I don't know whether I like to surf anymore." Like it or not, he still surfs, living where he now does in Honolulu, tourist capital of Polynesia, makes it difficult for him to quit.

Almost every winter day, on the gen-

for the traffic on the Canoe Surf line is quite heavy these days. On the first wave that Miss Davis caught the whole world of surfing rode with her. To the right and left of her there were other beginners teetering toward disaster. On the same wave there were canoes full of fat, white tourists, expert riders out simply for exercise, and here and there along the polished scarp of the wave a few zigging, zagging "hot doggers," devotees of fancy board riding.

The hot dogger is an acceptable member of surfing society, but he sometimes loses himself in his own zeal. In heavy traffic he is a menace. On the second wave that Miss Davis caught a hot dogger some distance down the line ran amuck and was straightway given the business. An instructor riding just to the right of the hot dogger suddenly checked his own forward progress by lifting the nose of his board and swinging it hard left—"kicking off the wave," it is called, an acceptable maneuver. But on this kickoff the instructor quickly swung his

continued

board like a broadsword across the hot dogger's shins, dropping him into the soup. It looked like an accident, but the hot dogger got the message and traffic moved smoothly thereafter.

Even if she never rides enough to get the surf in her blood, Miss Davis can tell her grandchildren that she once shared the waves of Waikiki with two elderly riders who were active 50 years ago during the revival of the sport. One of these two old revivalists, 72-year-old Ouke Kahanamoku, was riding waves in a small canoe. As Miss Davis paddled to shore, the other oldtimer, 62-year-old Ah Kin Yee, emerged from the water in the company of an octopus. Passing up the waves in favor of snorkeling that day, Mr. Yee had speared the octopus in a hole just to the right of the Canoe Surf. The dying octopus had wrapped itself in rage around Mr. Yee—several tentacles around his right arm, several more around his neck and a few across his shoulders, so that, as they came out of the water, it was not altogether clear who had caught whom.

On the preceding day Mr. Yee had been riding waves and looking downright clownish, although actually he is an assured, graceful rider. He was wearing skin-diving flippers, a poor kind of foot-ware for use on a surfboard, where nimble feet count for a lot. Twice Mr. Yee got one flipper caught under the other foot and almost took a header. It looked as if he were trying to crowd two different sports into one afternoon, but not so. He was teaching Mr. and Mrs. Charles Trundle of Los Altos, Calif. to ride, and what with the two beginners and their boards, and his own board and the surge of the sea, Mr. Yee needed all the extra power he could get; hence the flippers.

Until two years ago, Mr. Yee was a federal alcohol tax man. The Feds wanted him to move to Portland, Ore. Mr. Yee has seen the Oregon coast, its waves and its weather and did not want to go where he would always be cold in the water and usually wet on land. So he quit, retiring on 62% of base pay. The water of Waikiki is in his blood and is worth, he thinks, a 38% cut.

The morning of the day that Mr. Yee tangled with the octopus, half a mile from shore, six surfers sat waiting for waves in the Poplar break line. There were one Hawaiian, a Californian, an Australian

and two New Jersey surfers—pilgrims finally in Mecca. The sixth rider was 57-year-old Or. Gladys Osborne, Duke B.S. '28, Vanderbilt M.O. '32, now temporarily retired on Oahu. Gladys Osborne took up surfing at age 55, served a good apprenticeship in the Canoe Surf and the faster-breaking Queen's Surf and now occasionally paddles to Poplar, where there is less traffic and usually more challenge. Poplar was breaking good that day, but there was a cross swell. The peaks of the waves were shifty. As one nine-foot wave came, the rest of the surfers in the lineup were caught too far to the right. Doc Osborne took off on what, at her last glance, appeared to be the right shoulder of the wave. The peak of the wave, meanwhile, had shifted still more. As she got to her feet on top of the wave, Doc Osborne was not on the right shoulder but slightly to the left of the peak. She reacted perfectly. She dropped straight down the wave, turned right toward the peak as it teetered on the verge of breaking. Sliding sideways along the steep wall of water, Doc Osborne made it safely across just before the peak toppled over in foaming disorder. As the curling wave fumed behind her, she kept sliding sideways, staying free of the curl. Then she swung the nose of her board back to the left and rode the white water on toward shore.

Or. Gladys Osborne is not an expert surfer, and the nine-foot wave she rode that day was indeed small compared to the ponderous, thundering 25-foot combers that the experts have come to live with. But with some luck she had ridden, not just a random portion of a wave, but the quick and slippery heart of it, the fastest, hardest part of it. She took the best ride the wave had to offer, which is the aim of every master of the art.

Ouring the week that Audrey Davis, Mr. Yee and Gladys Osborne were riding waves the established master of the art, Richard Grigg, was too busy to see any action. He suffered through two calculus exams, worked on a prospectus for a book on surfing, prepared and delivered a lecture on the ecology of ordinary madreporian corals, taped a television show on the extraordinary order of black corals and worked on his master's thesis. The subject of his thesis is a species of black coral, *Antipathes grandis*. Zoologists know little about any of the black corals, although some of them are commonly used as decorative material and as semiprecious jewelry. While he is doing research on black coral, Grigg sup-

ports himself and his wife Sandra by diving for it. Unlike ordinary, so-called white corals, which grow upward so Grigg can bash his head on them while surfing, black corals shun light. They thrive in the twilight at 150 feet and on down into abyssal darkness.

In the waves he rides, in the work for his thesis and the way he makes his living—on all three counts—Richard Grigg is walking a fairly narrow line. In the past four years 20 of his black-coral-diving colleagues have suffered the bends. Six are still crippled, among them Grigg's former diving partner, Harold Hall. As Grigg has observed wryly, it is the continuing bad news about the divers that has made black coral sell so well.

Grigg spent much of his recent busy week in the university library absorbed in the complicated submicroscopic world of coral polyps, phototropic planulae, symbiotic zooxanthellae and various calcareous and keratinous matters. Even when he lunched with another surfer at mid-week, his mind was still full of polyps. But for one moment, as the two surfers walked back from lunch along a balcony, the surf came to Grigg. There was no water in sight, no hint of it except the sibilance of a sprinkler somewhere on the lawn below. But a faint wind was moving the palm fronds. "Kona wind," Grigg said. "Maybe a weather change and some ground swells." The moment passed and he returned to the polyps.

The following day was equally busy for him, but he deflected three times. Checking water conditions for an anticipated dive to recover coral specimens, he stopped twice along the southeast coast of Oahu to watch riders on surf lines that he himself would never bother with. And perhaps stirred by this, he phoned the weather bureau. Kilauea Lighthouse, 95 miles away on the island of Kauai, was recording five-foot ground swells at 10-second intervals—five-footers are not promising, but the weather bureau also told him that a ship some 300 miles farther out reported 12-foot swells moving over the deep from the northwest. The next day, Friday, Kilauea Light reported six-foot swells, 12 seconds apart. Something was stirring at sea. Grigg made plans to dive for black coral Saturday morning, then drive to Sunset Beach, where the surf might be up by afternoon.

The big winter waves that Grigg rides at Sunset Beach, at Waimea Bay and Makaha and elsewhere on the northwest and west coasts of Oahu are spawned in

fester, gusty low-pressure areas that beset the wide fetch of the North Pacific. As the first promising reports of swells are broadcast on the radio, all surfers such as Grigg begin to stir. The inquiries at the weather bureau treble, and the telephone at Mr. Dok Klausmeyer's house near Makaha Beach begins to ring.

Dok Klausmeyer no longer rides big waves, but he is a beloved patron of the art, whose zeal has earned him the distinction of being the only surfer ever incorporated into an algebraic formula. As the waves grow so does Klausmeyer's enthusiasm, extravagantly, and to cope with it surfers have evolved the formula

$$A = \frac{K}{2} + 1.$$

In this formula, the actual height of the wave in feet (A) is obtained by taking Klausmeyer's estimate of it (K) and dividing by two and adding one foot. Thus, if Klausmeyer says the waves are 20 feet, they are about 11.

In fairness to Klausmeyer, it must be noted that modern surfers such as Grigg are very conservative appraisers. They lean well backward to avoid a semblance of bravado. When a fellow surfer rides a 20-foot wave, Grigg calls it 18 feet. When he rides a 20-footer himself, he calls it 16. And further, the surfers only consider the steep part of the wave that affects their ride, not the gradual slope preceding it. Thus a wave that is 25 feet to Grigg is, by more correct oceanographic measure, closer to 30. Beyond a certain point the exact height becomes academic, for after Grigg has taken the drop from the top of any wave 20 feet or more there are several tons of water hanging over him, and any part of his body or board that is struck squarely in the wave comes over surfers a force of about half a ton per square foot.

No good surfer is obsessed by the bigness of waves. As Peter Cole, a constant surfing companion of Grigg's, puts it, the "quality of the ride" is the object. But it is true that, unless local winds have mucked them up, the big waves usually have more quality. In the same way that an apprentice surfer like Dr. Gladys Osborne sometimes happens to take off on a wave perfectly, Grigg purposely lines up for every big wave so that when it sweeps upon him he is just to one side of the highest part. Then, as he takes his drop, he deliberately turns and slides sideways toward the highest part of the wave, making it across the sheer wall just as the peak comes over. Then he contin-

ues sliding sideways about 30 miles an hour, chased by the plunging curl. If he should slide away too fast, he will turn back up the slope and come down again, allowing the curl to close the gap. He elects to be pursued and nearly caught. There is risk in this—"playing it close to the horns," it is called. But here again it is not the risk but the quality of the ride on the steep, fast wall just ahead of the curl that interests Grigg. He dreams of big, clean waves, curling forever, chasing him on and on.

It is generally presumed that the re-

to avoid them, they will come over on a broad front beyond him, one after another, then several at a time, until the whole sea is white. This, in the surfer's book, is a "closeout," and it is to be avoided. Over any decent bottom, when seas are moderate, broken water spells safety, for there the strength of the waves is diminishing. But in big surf often the white water will rebound higher than the original wave, the turmoil lasting long, tearing the surfer from his board, pummeling each against the other and both against the bottom. Under closeout con-

Paintings by Thomas B. Allen



Unnoticed by most of the surfers, Mr. Yee emerges from the water tangled with an octopus.

quirements of a surfer are competence as a swimmer and skill with a board. But something more is needed in big waves. To preserve himself, the surfer must know the sea and never trust it. The bigger the waves, the less a surfer can count on his own strength to control the situation. He must rely on his ability to read the waves as they come matching in, and line himself up accordingly. In 25-foot waves the alignment becomes a razor's edge. If he lines up a trifle too far out, the surfer cannot catch the wave. If he is caught too far in, he is taken over the falls—a helpless mite trapped in a large rolling wall of water.

There is always the likelihood that big waves will get bigger. And when they do, rather than breaking in sections so the surfer can ride them or paddle in or out

ditions, the interval between waves is about 20 seconds, so that after being tossed about for 10 or 15 seconds inside the turbulent wake of a broken wave, the surfer has little time to get air before the next wave is upon him. Sometimes there is no chance at all between waves, for the surface can become such an insubstantial mixture of air and water that it will not support a struggling man.

Shortly after World War II, when the barbed wire was rolled back from Hawaiian beaches, surfers Woody Brown and Dick Cross were caught by big waves off Sunset Beach. They managed to hurry outside the break line, three-quarters of a mile offshore, but the door closed behind them. Rather than gamble through the white water, they elected to

continued

paddle three miles down to Waimea Bay, a sharp crescent of sand flanked by rocky heads. By the time they reached the steeper shoaling bottom of Waimea, it was closing out. A mile at sea big waves stood up. As Woody Brown paddled outward, Dick Cross, a hundred yards nearer shore, waved to him. Whether this was a sign of assurance or despair, Brown does not know. A soldier in the hills above Waimea saw Cross try to clear the top of the first 40-foot wave, and saw him briefly again as he was carried over the falls. His body was never found. Woody Brown got to shore, but does not recall the whole journey. He regained consciousness lying on the sand. Somewhere in the violence he had lost his board and his bathing trunks.

Rarely in any year do the waves allow a complete accounting of those they take. The bodies and boards sometimes return to shore and sometimes are carried out in riptides, so it cannot always be known just what did happen. Did the man drown? Or was he struck by his board, or by someone else's, or did he strike the bottom? Or was he simply carried off in the rip?

But now it is Saturday morning, and Grigg is diving for black coral and—as the reports from far at sea had promised—the surf is building at Sunset Beach. A novice surfer, foolishly venturing where he does not belong, enters the rip at Sunset and is rescued a mile at sea. By the time Grigg drives the 30 miles from his home to the northwest coast, the waves at Sunset Beach are messy, afflicted by a perverse wind. The few rides that Grigg gets are desperate scrambles, disorderly ventures that do not bring him in contact with the towering heart of the waves. "You come all this way," Grigg says ruefully afterward, "and half the time it isn't worth it."

The next day, Sunday, the wind abates but still spoils Sunset Beach and Waimea. Makaha, lying to the west, somewhat in the lee, is fairly good—occasional 15-foot waves breaking off the point. There are 80 surfers in the water where 10 years ago there were rarely more than 30. Most of the surfers out this day have ability equal to the waves, but in the heavy traffic few of them ever get the chance to make the most of any ride. Grigg goes out for an hour, then gives up on it. "I still like surfing," he says in despair, "but you have to beat your way through everything."

He returns home to study calculus. Monday and Tuesday he is back in the library and laboratory with the coral polyps, their planulae and their zoosanthellae. Tuesday evening Kilaua Light reports 16-foot swells, 20 seconds apart. Wednesday morning the word spreads: Sunset Beach is breaking 20 to 25 feet high, surface conditions are good. When his classes are done, Grigg and his wife drive to the northwest shore. By the time they arrive, Sunset is closed out. The waves at Waimea are big. One wave more than 25 feet high breaks across the whole bay, threatening closeout. But the stinking wind is up again, and Waimea's



As 25-foot waves assault the headlands at Waimea, surfers set out from the beach.

waves are mountains of thundering mush. "It really isn't worth it to come all this way," Grigg repeats.

He considers the prospect that Makaha should be quite good because of the wind and swell directions and, discussing it with other surfers, becomes sufficiently convinced of the possibility. He takes the shortcut to Makaha, 26 miles by way of a neglected dirt road around Kaena Point. Off the rocky north flank of Kaena, 30-foot waves assault the shoals. As Ricky and Sandra Grigg travel five miles an hour over the rocky, pebbled road, there is nothing else to look at except waves, but as each new series thunders in Grigg is compelled to shout,

"Sandra, you've got to look at those waves!"

Three miles out of Makaha his car stalls in a washout and must be pushed. When he reaches Makaha the wind has freshened and apparently shifted. The waves are fair-sized, but the slopes are chopped up. Against the sun they look like piles of shining rocks. "It isn't worth it to come all this way," Grigg says. At Mahe, four miles south of Makaha, the waves are clean but barely eight feet high. "All this way. A whole afternoon chasing them," Grigg says bitterly, as he takes the south road home.

But 10 miles farther along, just north of Ewa, he notices the stands of sugar cane and in the distance smoke hanging in the air. The wind is dropping fast, as it often does in late afternoon. Grigg turns off the road to home and drives again through the pineapple fields on Oahu's broad saddle, 20 miles back to Waimea. He reaches the south headland at 4:30. The waves are there. Big, clean and curling.

The waves are 25 feet high. There are 10 surfers out, but each is after the ultimate ride and does not take off on a wave unless it is near perfect for him, so that there are never more than three trying any wave. Grigg takes off on 15 waves and is caught by only three. On all three he manages to hang onto his board until the white water will let him go. As he takes off on each successful ride, he drops out of the bronze light of the low sun straight down into the shadow of the great wave and is chased in roaring darkness along its slick wall until finally, 150 yards beyond, he comes back into the light on the round shoulder of water.

He does not quit until the sun is down. As he dries himself with a towel in the dark beside the road, he persuades Sandra that, though toothbrushless, they should stay overnight with friends.

Early the next morning he rides well-formed 12-foot waves at Sunset Beach, then drives back to work. By noon the weather advisory for ships at sea confirms stable conditions in the North Pacific. Kilaua Light reports three-foot swells, eight seconds apart. The telephone at Dok Klausmeyer's house stops ringing. The palm fronds on the university campus flap on still air. The arguments of the deep have been smoothed over. The surf dies away at Sunset Beach and lies dormant in the surfer. Grigg walks into the quiet shade of the library, sits down and opens a book.

END

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SECRETS OF THE SHORT GAME

by **JERRY BARBER**
with **GWILYM S. BROWN**

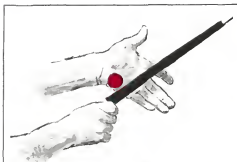
Drawings by **Francis Golden**

The most frequent cause of poor scoring in golf is a lack of skill in the delicate shots made within 75 yards of the green. These are shots that can create low-scoring rounds and also make up for countless earlier errors. Now, for the first time, Jerry Barber (see cover), the 1961 PGA champion and Ryder Cup team captain, describes in detail the fundamentals of a single—and unusual—technique that has enabled him to become one of the very best short-game players on the professional tour

THE GRIP *It must be firm yet sensitive*

A precise, consistent short game demands a good sense of touch and sure, if delicate, handling of the club. To develop this sense of touch and club control, the grip should be primarily with the fingers. Not enough firmness is achieved by grasping the club in the palms of the hands. It is likely to slip not only on the backswing but on the downswing as well. The result is a sudden grab, usually by the right hand, and a clumsily topped or

scuffed shot. A finger grip not only achieves the necessary firmness but also transmits to the player a sharper sense of how hard to hit the ball. Of the various grips, I prefer the overlapping one because it correctly subordinates the power of the right hand and puts the left hand in a strong position on the club, a major point discussed on the following pages. The grip shown here should be used for all shots, of course, not just the short ones.



FIRST, place the shaft of the club immediately above the joints that link the fingers of the left hand to the palm. The butt of the club should fit snugly underneath the pad of muscle (*trapezoid*) adjacent to the wrist. The fingers are now in position to grasp the club so that it will not slip



SECOND, curl the last three fingers of the left hand firmly around the shaft, locking them tightly under the pad of muscle next to the wrist. Complete the left-hand grip by resting the thumb comfortably on the top of the club, slightly along the right side, and curling forefinger around club



JOIN the right hand to the club by positioning the middle fingers so that their middle joints are directly under the shaft. Put the thumb on the left top side of the shaft, the forefinger around it



COMPLETE the grip by curling the right little finger over the left forefinger, squeeze the right thumb and forefinger together at spot marked by arrow; increase pressure with fingers shaded red

CONTINUED

THE STANCE *The left side must be the strong side*

The purpose of the stance, or total position to the ball, is to duplicate as closely as possible the position the player should be in when he actually strikes the ball. For right-handers golf is a game that is played to the left side. This means that the left forearm, wrist and hand, which in the golf swing supply power horizontally through the ball and out toward the hole, must be emphasized. The right hand supplies power almost vertically and must be subordi-

nated to the action of the left hand, wrist and forearm in order to achieve consistency. The stance, then, must put the left side in the strongest possible position to hit the shot. This is achieved, as the illustrations on these pages show, by dropping the right shoulder below the left and keeping the weight on the left side of each foot. The player should feel that he could move horizontally to and beyond the ball at impact without allowing his head to move.



THE FEET are square on the line to the hole, not open, when the player is set to hit a full pitch shot. His hips are turned somewhat toward the hole, his shoulders are slightly less open. The arms hang naturally and out slightly from the shoulders. The player bends from the waist only far enough to set the clubhead directly behind the ball.



THE BALL is played from only an inch to three inches inside the left heel. The club and left arm form a straight line from the shoulder to the ball. The right foot points straight out, but the left foot is turned slightly toward the hole to insure proper balance throughout the swing. The heels are about 12 inches apart for a full pitch and move in to only four or six inches apart for a short chip. The right knee is bent quite a bit, thus keeping the right shoulder low. The left knee is flexed only enough to be comfortable. As the shot shortens, the feet and body are gradually turned more toward the hole, but the ball should never leave its position nearly in line with the left heel. Playing the ball from this spot will help insure a higher trajectory, create considerably more backspin and thus produce a shot that will stop quickly.



GRIP TENSION AND WEIGHT PLACEMENT in the stance do not vary fundamentally whether the shot is a full pitch (*above*) or a short chip from the edge of the green. At address, the weight for the full pitch should be distributed evenly between the two feet. But the weight on the left foot is carried on the outer edge and back toward the heel (*blue shading*). The weight on the right foot is carried along the instep and forward toward the toes (*blue shading*). Note how the right knee is flexed (*blue shading*) inward toward the hole. Too many golfers think they must sit back on their heels. Doing this restricts a player's ability to move freely during the swing, reduces his sense of feel and puts his right leg in a position to lock on the downswing. Placing the weight back on the left heel is fine. This eliminates a possible weight shift during the backswing and helps maintain balance. But the weight on the right foot must be kept along the instep to help the player feel braced on his right leg. The feet belong very much under the player's hips. He is, in a sense, leaning out toward the hole and back on the left foot while leaning in and forward on the right foot. This not only gets the right leg out of the

way during the swing but also allows for the agility needed to hit a firm, controlled shot.

Just prior to taking the club back the player should squeeze firmly with the last three fingers of the left hand, but without relaxing the right-hand grip. We should think in terms of using the muscles (*red bow*) that run down from the shoulder, through the left arm and into these three fingers. Now his left forearm, wrist and hand are strongly linked to the club, ready to swing it back.

As the shot gets shorter the only adjustments needed will be to open the alignment of the feet toward the hole and bring them slightly closer together. This turns the hips and shoulders so that in the shortest shots from just off the green the body is angled only about 30° to the left of the hole. An increasing amount of weight must be moved over onto the left foot. The player should also choke down on the club: approximately one and a half inches from the end of the club for a 75-yard shot, two and a half inches for a shot from 50 yards, three inches from 20 yards and almost down to the bottom of the leather for a short pitch from the apron or close to the green.

CONTINUED

THE SWING *Strong left hand, early wrist break*

Throughout the swing the golfer should consciously feel that only the left hand and arm are doing the work of swinging the club back, down and through the ball. The swing should start with a very early breaking of the wrists as the left hand and arm push the club back. This early wrist break is vital to a good short game. First, it gives the player the sense of an instant accumulation of power, so that he will feel no necessity to rush the swing either up or down. Second, it helps keep the right elbow close to the body. Third, the wrists tend to uncock on the downswing at the same point at which they were cocked going back. An early wrist break going back sets up a late break coming down and means efficient explosion of power at the bottom of the swing. A final point to keep in mind is that, once these short-game fundamentals have been learned, it will be possible for a player to hit every pitch shot, from 25 to 75 yards, with almost the same three-quarter swing. The arc and rhythm of the swing in all these shots remain the same, insuring consistency. Distance is varied by sensing—largely through the feel of the hands—how hard actually to strike the ball.

THE WRIST BREAK



Note that from their position at address (top) the wrists break so immediately at the start of the backswing that they will be almost fully cocked (bottom) when the hands have passed the right leg. The left hand maintains a firm grip.

STARTING BACK: The player chokes down on the club slightly for the 75-yard three-quarter pitch shot (above), holds firmly to the club with the last three fingers of the left hand and cocks the wrists very early while simultaneously swinging the club back with the left hand and arm (red band). The weight (blue shading) should remain steady on the inside of the right foot and the outside and back of the left foot. There should be no conscious—and little actual—turning of the hips during the backswing.

BACKSWING: While the early wrist break immediately swings the clubhead (dotted line) straight back and then inside the hip to the hole, the hands and left arm will follow a slightly different path (arrow). They will swing out from the body, then almost straight back, and then up. By acting as a fulcrum, the right forearm and elbow (note blue right angle) automatically produce this pattern. As the wrists break, the right elbow folds straight back into the right hipbone area and points straight down toward the ground. It does not move away from this position until the hands have passed waist level. This sets up a smooth motion by the left arm and hand and forces them into the proper arc. By staying close to the right hip the elbow also helps to make certain that the clubhead and hands will come down into the ball along very nearly the same plane on which they came back. For a three-quarter-length pitch (shown below) the left hand keeps pushing the club back and up until the shaft is slightly past the vertical position, approximating what would be 1:30 on a clock, in other words, halfway between straight up and down and the horizontal. The fact that your hands are firmly gripping the club will usually prevent overswinging.



DOWNSWING: The downswing is almost an automatic reflex. The left hand, which has been squeezing the club firmly throughout the swing, especially with the last three fingers, simply pulls the club down as if it were a rope fastened to a church bell. The right elbow, which had been folded in toward and close to the right hip on the backswing, remains very close to the front of the hip on the downswing. This keeps the right shoulder low and keeps the right elbow and forearm subordinated to the action of the left forearm and hand. The entire effect is to delay the uncocking of the wrists and hands. This releases the power just at impact, and thus creates the backspin that is so vital to a good short game. While the hips will actually turn, it is important that there should be no conscious turning and no shifting of the weight from the right foot to the left during the downswing. The vertical pulling down of the left hand and forearm, combined with a subordinated right elbow, has already put all the weight on the outside of the left foot. This forces an automatic shifting of any weight that should move off the right foot onto the left. Once the weight is set and the hips are positioned at address, no conscious turning or shifting is required.



IMPACT: The left arm brought the club down and through the ball, but its job is still not done. The left hand is continuing to grip very firmly. The feeling of strength running from the last three fingers of the left hand up through the wrist and forearm to the shoulder (*red band*) should still exist. At impact the left forearm, wrist and hand remain absolutely firm (*indicated by black outline*) and move out toward the hole without rolling over. This keeps the club face in line with the hole through impact and well into the follow-through, insuring that the ball will go straight out toward the hole (*along the purple target line*). Just prior to impact the right hand effortlessly begins to get into the swing (*indicated by pink shading*). The left hand has led the right down toward the ball, now, as they come by the ball, the right hand will automatically hit through it. The vertical force supplied by the right hand, joined with the horizontal force produced by the left arm, gives the shot firmness.

What the player should now have is a short-game swing that remains the same for all pitch shots, one in which the weight hardly shifts and the hips hardly turn, in which a minimum of things can go wrong. Both club control and the sense of feel that determines distance will be as ingrained as when putting.



THE CHIP SHOT *Its fundamentals are the same as the pitch*

For a shot from very close to the green, several adjustments (described below) must be made, but basically the grip, stance and swing remain unchanged. The shot becomes simply a question of which club to use and how hard to swing it. I feel, by the way, that every player should carry a 10-iron rather than the more commonly used heavy-flanged pitching wedge. The 10-iron is a superior club for general use. It is fine for hitting from tight lies and can even be used for some kinds of bunker shots as well as piches and chip shots. In chipping, anything from a six-iron to a 10-iron should be considered. The following principle determines the choice: after

being hit, the ball should land as close to the player as possible—this means he has better control over the shot—but far enough on the green to eliminate any chance of its catching in the heavier grass of the apron. In other words, the player should not attempt to throw the ball right at the flagstick with a 10-iron if he can safely land it well into the green with a six-iron and roll it up to the hole. If the grass is heavy or wet, if its grain or the green slopes toward him, the player should try to reduce the amount of roll. If the grass is dry and cut short or the green or grain slopes away, then greater control is achieved if the amount of roll is increased.



THE HEELS are only four to six inches apart for the chip shot, and the feet, hips and shoulders are opened toward the hole. The ball is played just back of the left heel. The club is gripped at the bottom of the leather, thus keeping the arc of the swing very compact and under control. The wrists should break quite sharply at the start of the backswing, and, as in the pitch shot, the player must hold the club very firmly with the last three fingers of the left hand. He must think only in terms of the left hand and arm as he swings the club back, down, into and through the ball. This will help to eliminate the erratic influence of the right hand.



THE WEIGHT remains steady throughout the swing, practically all of it (and *should be*) on the left foot. There must be almost no body pivot and the backswing should not be too long, but the club must go back enough to give the muscles of the left side and arm a comfortable sense of being stretched out. This will give the player a good sense of rhythm with the shot and help him avoid making a hurried stab with his right hand at the ball on the downswing. The swing should be unhurried. The follow-through is as long as the backswing. After a little practice the hands and fingers will supply a sense of how hard to hit the ball.

CONTINUED



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PICK A TARGET *Then try to land the ball on it*

When hitting either patch or chip shots a player should not use the hole as his target. He should pick a small area on the green on which to land the ball so that it can roll up to the hole. This will help him hit a firmer shot. It is also helpful to actually pace off various distances during practice sessions and hit pitch shots of these measured lengths. Eventually this will enable the player to associate an actual distance in yards with the feel of a given shot.



NEXT WEEK

A master of the sand shot, Jerry Barber will explain the basic explosion, how to blast out of a buried lie, how to explode from a downhill lie and how to play that tricky chip shot from a shallow trap.



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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

Kicked by a king

Although there have been a number of worldwide bridge tournaments, beginning with the World Bridge Olympic of 1932 that was organized by Ely Culbertson, the North American Rubber Bridge Championship, which gets under way the week of March 4, is sure to have the largest field of any bridge event thus far. Last year more than 40,000 players entered. This year, with competition in at least 100 U.S. and Canadian cities, an entry of not less than 100,000 is expected.

There are several reasons for the large field: the scoring is the same as in rubber bridge, the early rounds are played among friendly pairs competing in their own homes or social clubs, the grand prizes are \$2,500 for the winning pair and \$1,000 for the runners-up, and entry is free—the bill being picked up by the tournament sponsor, North American Van Lines. Any group of four pairs may enter on or before February 28. Entry blanks are available at most places where playing cards are sold.

The tournament ends with a 60-deal meeting between the top pair in the East and the top pair in the West. In last year's finals, played in Chicago, Mrs. Joe Garcia and Mrs. Georgina Boone of Cincinnati defeated John Steele and Stanley Stone of Dallas. The ladies showed quickly that they weren't afraid of such strongly named foes, for the boldly bid hand here was only the second of the match.

With six-five distri-

bution, it is correct to open the bidding in the longer suit. And with five-five, it is correct to respond in the higher-ranking suit, even though the lower-ranking is stronger in high cards. I would prefer to open with one spade on the North hand, which is a little weak in high cards for the strong-sounding "reverse" bid in the highest-ranking suit later on, but I would not call it wrong to open with one diamond.

Unfortunately for the ladies, the whole sequence of bidding thereafter led South to believe that North's spade suit was stronger than it turned out to be. North was entirely justified in cue-bidding clubs and, after South proclaimed heart control and slam interest, in jumping to the small slam. South, however, figured that she had not yet shown her king of diamonds and that this card was enough to warrant going on to the grand slam.

Dummy trumped the opening lead of the ace of clubs. Declarer came to her hand with a high heart and led the jack of spades. West made the good play of false-carding with the spade 9. Declarer took the finesse, lost to East's blank king and kicked herself.

What got North-South in trouble was failure to follow this rule: In considering a bid for a grand slam, weigh your "extra" values at full measure only when they are in the trump suit. A small-slam bid is correct when it is based on winning a finesse; a grand slam should never be undertaken without 3-to-1 odds in your favor. **END**

Neither side
vulnerable
North dealer

NORTH		EAST	
♠ A Q 5 5 2		♠ K	
♥ 10 5		♥ 7 4	
♦ A Q J 7 6 4		♦ 9 8	
♣ —		♣ K 9 8 7 6 5 4 2	
WEST		SOUTH	
♠ 3 3		♠ J 10 7 6 4	
♥ J 5 6 3		♥ A K Q 9 2	
♦ 5 3 2		♦ K 10	
♠ A Q J 10		♣ 3	
NORTH		EAST	
3 ♠		2 ♠	
4 ♠		5 ♠	
6 ♠	PASS	7 ♠	PASS
PASS		PASS	
NORTH		SOUTH	
3 ♠		2 ♠	
4 ♠		5 ♠	
6 ♠	PASS	7 ♠	PASS
PASS		PASS	

Opening lead: ace of clubs

One lady who gives a Continental

There are probably more quail per acre on the 33,000 acres of the Dixie Plantation at Quitman, Ga., than anywhere else in the south. It is not surprising, then, that one of America's oldest and most distinguished field trials for pointing dogs, the Continental, has been run for 77 years on this vast private preserve that straddles the Georgia-Florida border north of Tallahassee. What is surprising is that the Continental owes its existence to a patrician sparrow of a woman who knew little about running a field trial until she was well past middle age.

Eleanor Rodewald Livingston looks as if she would wilt with the first wintars, but she shoots a 12-gauge Parry shotgun like a man and can sit in a saddle eight hours a day. She inherited the Continental, along with Dixie Plantation, from her broker husband in 1930.

Under the guidance of Gerald Moncrieffe Livingston, the Continental had become a prominent part of the tradition of south Georgia. When Livingston died, two months before the trials' scheduled 55th running, its long history appeared at an end. There seemed little likelihood that Mrs. Livingston would have the desire or the ability to take over the Continental.

"My husband liked nothing better than to watch good dog work," she recalls, "but when we went to a trial I usually paid more attention to the horses." Chiefly because she thought the upcoming Continental would be a fitting memorial to him, Mrs. Livingston reluctantly agreed to run it for one more year. She's been running it ever since.

One by one, Eleanor Livingston assumed other responsibilities on Dixie Plantation. With the help of her general

manager, George A. Evans, she took on the care of a herd of 80 registered Santa Gertrudis cows, a dozen breeding bulls including a 2,600-pound champion sire, 200 head of an experimental Santa Gertrudis-Herford cross, 50 Jersey cows that daily produce more than 75 gallons of milk for Borden's, a bevy of red Duroc hogs that grow choice hams and bacon for the tables of the plantation, and a bird-dog kennel from which came a liver-and-white pointer that won the national championship in 1950 and 1953. Excellence is the only standard permitted in Mrs. Livingston's empire. Alongside her Evans-managed bird-dog kennels are the Labrador runs of her renowned retriever trainer, Dave Elliot. Across the way are the stables run by Trainer-Showman J. B. Smith, which have housed some of the greatest Tennessee Walking Horses in the country. Not to be outdone by his fellow champion-makers, Mrs. Livingston's bench show trainer, Pat Norwood of Athens, Ga., has spent the better part of this season guiding Ch. Tar Baby of Whitehall along a spectacular ascent to the top of poodledom.

Hunger for perfection is characteristic of Dixie Plantation, and it is a characteristic that stamps the pointer trials. This year the 68th running of the Continental began in the worst weather of the century. A tornado, whipping through nine south Georgia counties, pounded the plantation with winds, drenched it in two inches of rain. And the moment the rain stopped, the cold began.

By the time Handler Fred Asant Jr. of Barnwell, S.C. ran a 7-year-old white-and-lemon pointer named Resthaven Spunky Bill for Harold Crane of Washington, the thermometer had risen to 57° and things were better. Like a magnet picking up pins, Spunky swept through seven finds and a contact to become the winner.

Spunky Bill's victory was not based solely on bird finds. He was also judged on the way he went about making them—enthusiasm, thoroughness, stamina and style. It is the measure of those qualities that distinguishes a champion, and at the Dixie Plantation's Continental the standard of championship is high. It is a standard set largely by Dixie's own spunky chateau, Eleanor Rodewald Livingston.

END

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HORSE RACING / Whitney Tower

A good colt

Only two in this year's classic crop are now worth talking about, and so far neither has gone to the post

Californians and Floridians, so often at odds on other things, are in solid agreement on a racing matter. Californians are betting on a colt to win the Kentucky Derby who hasn't even been to the post this year, and that's what Floridians are doing, too. It isn't the same colt, of course—you couldn't expect that much agreement between ancient rivals. In California (SI, Feb. 11) it is Rex Ellsworth's Candy Spots, in Florida it is Never Bend, Cunn Hoy Stable's 1962 2-year-old champion. Never Bend did not start in last week's seven-eighths-of-a-mile Bahamas, but after the 14-horse field staggered home looking more like a bunch of clammers than Triple Crown candidates, it was clear that Captain Harry Guggenheim's colt should have a picnic in the Flemings, his first big race on the road to Louisville.

This was in strange contrast to last season, when the first three Bahamas finishers, Sir Gaylord, Rudan and Crimson Satan, demonstrated early championship caliber. The Bahamas winner, Sky Wonder, once ran for \$12,000. He won by a head over Gray Pet in the slow time of 1:24 1/4, with Royal Ascot another head back. The other also-rans, including Pack Trip, Bold Tim, Master Dennis and Ornamento, may have ability, but they have a lot of proving to do.

So the only two colts worthy of serious Derby consideration are on opposite sides of the continent, spending their time in serious training rather than active racing. Candy Spots beat Never Bend the only time they met—in the Arlington-Washington Futurity—and then Never Bend was beaten by Crewman in The Garden State. Captain Guggenheim insists that much of the blame for Never Bend's defeats last year be placed on his own shoulders. (As it was, Never Bend won seven of 10 starts and more money, \$402,969, than any horse in the country in 1962.)

is hard to find

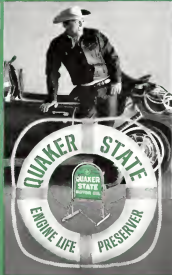
"My only concern with racing today," Guggenheim said at Hialeah last week, "is to try to keep a horse sound. Overracing 2-year-olds will knock them out faster than anything. And one of the troubles is that there is so much incentive for overracing 2-year-olds—big purses and championship prestige—that even the most conscientious owners sometimes undertake a campaign that they know is not in the best interest of their horses. Seven or eight starts for a 2-year-old is ample."

"Trouble with my trainer Woody Stephens and myself is that we may have been so ambitious for Never Bend that we started him once—maybe twice—too often. After winning The Garden State Trial he had one bad work, and that should have told us he had had enough for the year."

Guggenheim has a milder excuse for losing to Candy Spots in the rich Futurity last September. And he has nothing but admiration for his California rival. "Our colt sprained a back muscle at Saratoga in August and I'm surprised he even got to the Chicago race. I believe in that race he was not nearly as best, although he was only beaten half a length by Candy Spots. But I don't think Candy Spots was at his best either, running in only his third race, and certainly he got all the worst of it in the race. He came from dead last, circled his field on the outside, and won magnificently. I thought then that he would improve and I still think he will."

Never Bend now is virtually a faultless picture horse. Middle-sized at just over 16 hands, he has filled out some and has a big, strong shoulder. "He's settled down a bit since last fall," says Trainer Stephens, "but we know that the old fire is still there." It must be, for a couple of weeks ago, after watching Never Bend work five-eighths of a mile in :58 3/5 on the Columbia, S.C., training track, veteran King Ranch Trainer Max Hirsch turned to Stephens and said, "If you live to be 100 years old you'll never train a horse who puts in a more perfect work."

continued



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The guilty parties

Jimmy offers three explanations. "First, we have neglected to become more selective in our breeding. It has reached the point where every owner will breed whatever he's stuck with, and the result is a breed that, for the most part, is gradually becoming weaker. Not nearly enough of our male horses are being gelded. Instead, anything that can win at six furlongs goes to stud. Second, I think that the tracks contribute to the bad situation. With two or three exceptions, they are generally in pretty awful shape. Less use of sand and more use of live soil is needed, and too much tractor-drawn mechanical equipment only digs up the tracks and makes them more dangerous. Trouble is that management is no longer made up of men who know the horse business. It is made up of men who know how to work a set of books and save \$50 a day at the expense of the owners. Lastly, today's situation may be getting even worse in some areas where many of the country's biggest breeding farms have gradually been depleted of their vital quota of nutritious natural minerals. Overworked land is bound to result in a poorer quality Thoroughbred. As proof, you only have to look around and see where better horses are starting to pop up—from the new land on farms and ranches in Florida and California."

It could be, of course, that we are shortly going to find plenty of good opposition for Candy Spots and Never Bend. But if it doesn't turn up in a month in Hialeah's Everglades or the Santa Anita Derby or the Flamingo, this should be a two-horse classic season the likes of which we haven't seen since 1955 and Nashua and Swags.

END



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GOLF / Ernest Shirley

Papwa's championship play

A Hindu who uses a cross-hended grip won the Natal Open and left the racist South African government a little crossed up itself

An illiterate son of an illiterate fruit poddler who has a cross-handed golf grip won the Natal Open in Durban, South Africa the other day, making sporting history of one sort and political history of quite another. The winner was 34-year-old Sewgolum (Papwa) Sewgolum, a Hindu who lives with his large family in a corrugated steel shack not a mile from the exclusive Durban Country Club, the site of the tournament.

Never before has a nonwhite won a major South African golf title. To do so, Sewgolum had to beat such notable competitors as South African Masters Champion Denis Hutchinson, South African Open Champion Harold Henning, aging but still able Bobby Locke and—above all—South Africa's official and volatile apartheid policy.

The closing moments of the tournament were like scenes from a Kipling novel. The day was windy and overcast, and it seemed as if all the Asian fruit hawkers in the world were on hand to cheer for their idol. Their horse-drawn carts and dilapidated trucks clogged the all-white country club's parking lot, and they surged over the hilly golf course with an unbridled enthusiasm.

On the last hole Sewgolum, swinging away with his bizarre grip that places the left hand below the right, drove his ball down a steep bank near the green. But he coolly pricked on and two-putted, winning the championship by a single stroke with a four-round total of 293. Hardly aware of the drizzling rain that had started to fall, Papwa's followers carried him shoulder-high to the clubhouse which, because of his color, he is forbidden by law to enter.

There the rain had created a unique problem. The prizegiving ceremonies, originally scheduled to be held on the neatly clipped lawn outside the clubhouse, would certainly have to be moved indoors. But how do you present the Natal Open trophy indoors if the Natal Open champion has to stay outdoors?

The country club's officers went into concerned consultation, called the club's legal advisors and came up with a solution that was at least law-abiding: give Papwa his trophy outside, then bestow the runner-up prizes in the clubhouse. While most of the other competitors were showering, unaware of what was taking place on the lawn, a handful of Natal Golf Union officials marched unhappily down the clubhouse steps to hand the wet but wide-smiling Papwa his cup and a check for \$1,120.

The South African Broadcasting Corporation, meanwhile, was refusing to mention Papwa's win on the air. "We do not broadcast multiracial sport," grumped Program Director Douglas Fuchs. But the word got around, and if SABC announcers were not talking about Papwa Sewgolum and the Natal Open, everyone else was. In Parliament the government's opposition used the incident to flay the administration's racial policy. "Papwa receiving his trophy in the rain will do more to establish our image abroad than all the glossy pamphlets issued by the State Information Department," said Mistress Helen Suzman, lone parliamentary representative of the Progressive Party.

"No permit was issued to Sewgolum authorizing him to take part in the tournament," countered Community Devel-

opment Minister Piet W. Botha darkly. "Consideration is being given to steps that should be taken."

Golfers, however, came to Sewgolum's support with some commonsense remarks. "He has proved himself a talented sportsman and a gentleman," said Reg Taylor, member of South Africa's golf team in the recent World Amateur Championship.

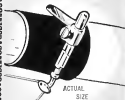
"Papwa has earned the right to be classed as one of the best players in the country, and the idea of an open is to allow the best players to compete against one another," said Sid Brews, whose official title is national dean of South African golf.

Sewgolum himself took the entire episode calmly. A familiar figure on Durban's "for Asians only" golf course since he was given a set of clubs seven years ago, he had won the Dutch Open in 1959 and 1960. Thus the new victory was no fluke. "His grip restricts his follow-through and therefore his length," was Gury Player's assessment of Papwa's game last week, "but he has good nerves and a good short game."

Papwa also has a short money game, and he can use the prize. His hut is huddled with a cluster of other shacks amid some vegetable patches hard by the Indian Ocean. He lives there with his wife, their three children, his blind mother, his three brothers and their families. He is a modest man, but he has ambitious plans for his \$1,120. "I'm going to spend it slowly, as I need it," he says with appealing optimism. "Perhaps I can invest a little of it. I hope it will get us a new home—and a chance to practice my golf more than just once a week."

END

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BASKETBALL/Tom C. Brody

Moscow, Idaho is proud of its peas, its wheat and its accident rate,
but above all it is proud of Gus the Great and the team he plays for

Big days in the pea capital

Moscow, Idaho is a jaunty little town located in the lush, rolling hill country that makes up so much of the northern section of the state. Muscovites enjoy announcing that they live in the green-pea capital of America, and add without much fear of contradiction that there isn't any richer wheatland from coast to coast, either. Their community of 11,183 serves as a shopping center for farmers, lumberjacks and the now friendly Nez Percé Indians. It boasts the University of Idaho, 14 churches, an Elks club, two hotels, a couple of movie theaters, a bowling alley, several large grain elevators and, most important of all in this snowbound season, Gus Johnson.

Gus Johnson is the spectacular center of Idaho's suddenly spectacular basketball team, which last week trounced the University of Oregon twice to bring its record to 15-3. Given any opportunity at all, a perfect stranger will turn to you in Moscow and tell you about the time Johnson stuffed a shot in the basket with one hand, caught it with the other and handed it to the startled referee. And when the residents of Moscow are not talking about basketball they are making earnest preparation to see basketball. "Maybe it's because there aren't many diversions here in the winter," says the university's director of information, Rafe Gibbs. That there is a scarcity of activities in Moscow is attested to by the University of California's athletic director and former basketball coach, Pete Newell. "I just let my players go their way in Moscow," he said once. "If they can get into trouble they are a better team than I think they are."

Such a sentiment is seconded by Oregon Basketball Coach Steve Belko, who said last week, "I had five minutes to myself so I made the rounds—twice." "As you can see," says Rafe Gibbs, "our passions are more or less channelled, and they spill out all over the basketball court."

This spilling has been a Moscow tra-

dition since the 1920s. Games were played then in the university library. A player racing in for a layup braked himself by running headlong into the bookshelves surrounding the basketball floor. This was, as a wag put it, one way to get the team familiar with the classics.

"Nothing was too good for our boys," recalls an Idaho professor. "Once when the team went off to Berkeley, Calif. to play for the championship the townsfolk, who were suspicious of living conditions there, sent them bushels of Idaho potatoes to tide them over."

Basketball continued to be serious business well into the '30s, when money was scarce and entertainment was where you found it. Any chance to turn a routine game into a riotous occasion was welcomed. Students once rigged a contraption from the ceiling before an Oregon game. When the timekeeper fired his pistol in the air signaling the end of the half, a dead duck plummeted to the floor. No one remembers who won.

Ardent as the fans were, there came a time when they became more than a little disenchanted with Idaho basketball. "It was a combination of things," says Tom Hartley, the university's director of sports publicity. "Essentially, we had lousy teams." The old excitement arose only in games against nearby Washington State, a rivalry that once prompted a Moscow sheriff to snap off a couple of quick shots at a low-flying plane chartered by some WSU students. They were bent on prematurely igniting an Idaho rally bonfire by bombing the pike with phosphorus.

Then, three years ago, Idaho hired as head coach Joe Cipriano, who had been a fine little backcourt man on the University of Washington's teams in the early '50s. It is questionable if Cipriano was a popular choice. While still a player, he had two front teeth knocked out of his mouth by an Idaho player at Moscow, an action roundly cheered by the

home-town fans. When Idaho lost 10 of its first 13 games in Cipriano's first year, he seemed Siberia-bound. There was more than mild discontent among members of the local booster club, whose slot machine money was a large hunk of the school's scholarship fund. (State legislation eventually banned the use of one-armed bandits. The money already collected from them was shrewdly invested, however, and the slot machines are still paying off.)

An energetic recruiter, Cipriano only needed time. He searched the Northwest for suitable talent and came back with Rich Porter, a 6-foot-3 guard who has a different facial expression for every occasion and who is a remarkably accurate long-range shooter, and Chuck White, who recently broke the school's all-time scoring record and is about to receive a bonus from the New York Yankees for his baseball talents. (He hit 324 as an Idaho outfielder.) In 1962 Idaho's basketball team won half its games.

"But if you're going to have an exceptional team," Cipriano had said, "you've got to have more than just good players. You've got to have one who's great." Coach, fans and critics all had a pretty good idea they had one of those coming to Moscow this season, but no one was quite prepared for Gus the Great. It took Cipriano about 30 seconds of practice and Idaho rooters about five minutes of the season's opening game to realize that here indeed was one of those rare talents. It goes beyond mere ability. It is a special quality. Sports-writers fell all over their typewriters calling Johnson "another Baylor," "another Russell," "another Lucas." But the fact is Gus Johnson is none of these. He is a unique basketball player.

Standing six and a half feet tall, weighing a hard 225 pounds, Johnson exudes a full, uninhibited zest for whatever is set before him. One morning last week it happened to be a stack of wheateakes, three fried eggs, a double order of potatoes and a rasher of bacon, which he consumed slowly, steadily and joyfully. "I've got to take it easy," he said, downing a second glass of milk. "Game to-might." Though Johnson is a sophomore, he comes to Idaho pretty well prepared. In 1959 he had enrolled at Akron University, then dropped out after the first

continued

See Italy first

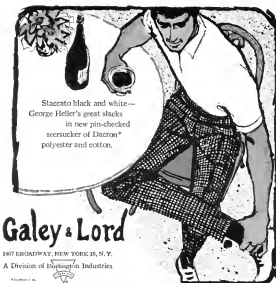


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BASKETBALL continued

year because of disastrous grades. He joined an AAU team, and it was from there that Cipriano got him. Johnson agreed to spend a year at Boise Junior College, getting his grades up to the point where he could be accepted at Idaho and further honing his basketball skills. At age 24, and with two years of top quality experience, he comes to college basketball as one of the most knowledgeable sophomores ever. He became eligible to play last month, but NCAA rules ban him from postseason tournaments this year. He will be a member in good standing next year and can play through the 1963-64 season.

The sand invasion

When Oregon's Steve Belko came into Moscow for the two games against Johnson and Idaho last weekend he looked much like a marine who has been told he is to land with the first wave. "We've played them twice now," he said, sadly shaking his head, "and now we play them twice more. That Johnson jumps like he's sold his soul to the devil." "I go up with him," an Oregon player protested. "But when I come down he just stays up."

When asked if there wasn't something freakish about the way he gets off the ground, Johnson abandoned his usually articulate form of speech and said, "Hecks, no. I just say, 'Legs, jump,' and they say, 'How high, boss?'"

And so it went in the opening game Friday night. Oregon played sharply and intelligently, but with Johnson throwing the ball through the basket from several feet above the rim and Rich Porter and Chuck White shooting over the Oregon defense when it sagged on Johnson, it became quite clear that Oregon wasn't going to have a chance. Both backboards belonged to Johnson, who got 25 rebounds, and his passing was devilish, too, as Idaho won the opener 79-61.

On Saturday night Johnson jumped even better, setting a school record of 31 rebounds, and Idaho beat Oregon's Ducks again, 88-78. When the timer fired the final gun Coach Belko just shrugged and looked up at the ceiling, perhaps expecting another dead duck to fall. "They call this place the 'Safest Town in the West,'" he said, referring to a chamber of commerce pitch prompted by 15 years without a fatal automobile accident. "Ha!"

END



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WITHOUT PROFITS, all our nation’s research and development on new and improved products would falter. In fact, practically every product your family uses owes its existence to profits. And every one of the 68½ million jobs in the country — public or private — is dependent on profits.

SO WHEN YOU’RE TALKING about our nation’s economic growth and welfare, profit is not just a **part** of the system, it is the very **foundation** of the entire American economy. You simply can’t have one without the other.

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THE SPECTER AT THE BANQUET

JAKE KILRAIN'S "MANLY FORM" WARNS JOHN L. SULLIVAN BEFORE THEIR FIGHT

THE BIBLE OF THE BARBERSHOP

How an immigrant Irish lad took over a trashy journal and transformed it into the premier sporting publication of the world

RICHARD K. FOX MADE MILLIONS WITH HIS PINK POLICE GAZETTE

Richard K. Fox esteemed the *Police Gazette*. The *Police Gazette* esteemed Richard K. Fox. "In all that concerns gentlemanly and manly sports," the *Gazette* was wont to report, "Richard K. Fox is today the supreme figure on the Western Continent." Of the *Gazette*, Fox said, "It stands alone and unrivaled, a powerful factor for good." Fox was the editor and publisher of the *Gazette*.

From 1880 to 1910 Richard Kyle Fox and his *Police Gazette* ruled supreme over the sporting world. With a whoop and a cry, the weekly pink sheet covered Coney Island frolics, Paris inside out and the lives of famous poisoners. It promoted boxing, rowing, horse racing, dog fighting, cockfighting and a wondrous footrace called the Richard K. Fox Six-Day-Go-As-You-Please. For his readers, Fox built up a profitable feud with John L. Sullivan, crowned Annie Oakley the best shot in the world and transformed Billy the Kid, a narrow-chested juvenile delinquent from Brooklyn, into a Galahad of the West. For Fox, two Newfoundland fishermen rowed more than 3,000 miles across the Atlantic in 55 days in an 18-foot rowboat. One reader, enthused about the sporting life, offered to walk 700 miles around a flour barrel in 134 hours for \$50. Fox said he would pay if the man would do his walking inside the barrel. Another reader offered to jump off the top of the Gazette Building arm in arm with John L. Sullivan. All he wanted was \$2,500 and his picture on the cover with the caption, "Champion Jumper of the World."

Built on athletic hoopla and spiced

with a show of garter, the *Gazette* was the greatest editorial success of the age. It was sad, loud, funny, vulgar, gory, completely outrageous—and thoroughly compelling. Dubbed The Bible of the Barbershop, it had a circulation of half a million in all the states and territories and 26 foreign countries. Once a reader wrote from Sempronius, Texas: "Have been on the move so much lately that I have not received the *Police Gazette* regularly. Please send me a copy here and oblige. Jesse James."

Compared with Fox, Hearst and Pulitzer were dull indeed. Fox was the first editor to make lavish use of pictures, and with its elaborate woodcuts, sensationalism and sports, the *Gazette* was the immediate progenitor of the tabloid. Fox virtually invented the sports page, the Broadway gossip column and the newspaper prize contest. He knew how to get the most out of his writers. On Saturday night he would lock them in a room with food, whisky and comfortable couches. On Monday morning he would let them out, giving them \$10 apiece for their finished copy. The whisky, Fox believed, spurred creative effort, and the more imaginative a story, the better he liked it. He didn't give a hoot for libel suits. Once he published a list of more than \$3 million worth of suits that had been brought against the *Gazette* in a six-month period, daring any of the plaintiffs to collect. He was, wrote H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan in joint tribute, "the most enterprising, the most audacious . . . of the American editors of his day."

Fox actually knew next to nothing about sports. He never played any and, with the exception of boxing, knew the rules of none. He was born in Belfast, Ireland in 1846, the grandson of a minister. At 14 he became an editorial slavey on the *Banner of Ulster*, a Presbyterian church paper. Four years later he went into the countinghouse of the *Belfast News Letter* and spent 10 years there before sailing to America in 1874.

In New York, Fox went to work for the *Commercial Bulletin*, the forerunner of *The Wall Street Journal*, as an advertising salesman. A personable young man, he made friends with a couple of engravers who, in lieu of cash owed to them, took over a dying journal called the *Police Gazette*. Founded in 1845, the *Gazette* was the oldest weekly in the



RICHARD KYLE FOX
HE DISCOVERED THE VAST ATTRACTION OF SPORTS BEHIND

country. It had begun as a crusader against crime, but under the inept direction of George W. Matsell, ex-chief of police in New York, its standards had sunk so low that it was eventually selling only to the crooks it was supposed to expose. The engravers hired Fox to sell ads, and he did so well he soon had them in his debt. They paid him off by giving him the paper.

In 1876 Fox assumed the editorial chair at the *Gazette*. He had just one idea in mind, but as Edward Van Every points out in *Sins of New York*, a history of the *Gazette*, "it was a valuable one." The idea was that if potential customers couldn't read, give them pictures to look at. In came an army of artists to draw what Fox ordered, mostly the shapely legs of pretty girls. To get

continued

TWO 'GAZETTE' FAVORITES



FRED ROLLINSON
HE BOKE IN THE BICYCLE-VS.-HORSE RACE—BUT LOST



JOHN S. PRINCE
HE BOKE A HIGH-WHEELER IN THE SAME RACE—AND WON

around the flourishing puritanism of the day (and the floor-length dresses), Fox's artists were forever sketching dandies falling down on roller skates, getting their shoes blacked, sleeping on fire escapes to beat the summer heat or being buffeted by the wind ("Playful pranks of March breezes"). Occasionally the reader got a double-barreled eyeful, as in the woodcut of a lady clambering up a telegraph pole to spy on her philandering boy friend ("What a jealous woman discovered in a tenement house by the aid of a clear head and a lineman's clamps"). Here the reader got not only the pole climber but what she saw.

To attract attention to the *Gazette*, Fox began printing it on pink paper. (It was quickly nicknamed *The Pinky*.) He added a page of theater notes and sold cabinet sketches of the perted favorites of the footlights. Perhaps because of some boyhood experiences on church papers, he instituted a column, "Crimes of the Clergy." Then, as if to demonstrate lack of bias, he added another, "Vice's Varieties," open to lay offenders. Tongue in cheek, Fox maintained the *Gazette* was against sin. Week after week, the paper warned susceptible country lasses against the snares of the metropolis, which it set down in juicy detail. "No illustration and not a line of printing of immoral tendency is suffered to appear in its columns," Fox said of the *Gazette*. "So far from pandering to vicious tastes, its object is to delineate vice in its proper odious character."

Early in his career as editor of the *Gazette*, Fox discovered a powerful trait of human nature which, if history were more just, might today be known as "Fox's law." This is the immense, magnetic attraction that athletes have for their idolatrous fans. To capitalize on it, Fox hired a champion 30-mile walker and bicyclist, "Colonel" William Edgar Harding, as the *Gazette's* sporting editor. A contemporary portrait of the colonel shows him to be a swell of the first magnitude. His hair is parted neatly in the middle, falling back on the sides in lush wings over jug ears. His mustaches are even more splendid than those of his boss. Lush under the nostrils (which appear ready to flare at the cry of "copy"), they are finely waxed at the tips, which span about half a foot.

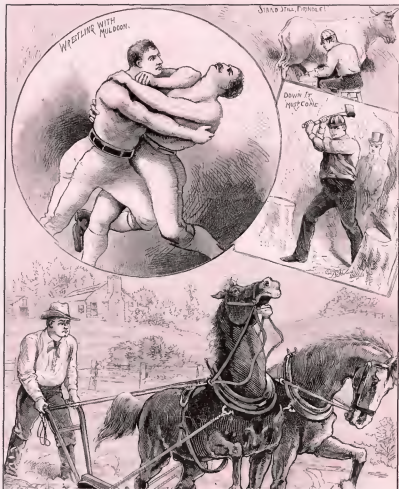
He wears a high, almost clerical collar, a diamond horseshoe stickpin with a gold "H" and an astrakhan coat. His eyes are averted, as though fixed on some distant Valhalla, perhaps an assignment to cover a rat-killing match.

The colonel was always on the go, acting as Fox's official representative at sporting galas. On August 1 of each year Fox made it a practice to reward the colonel's labor with a fitting gift. In 1886, for instance, the colonel received a gold watch valued, *Gazette* readers were told, at \$200. The next year he got a pair of couplet diamond sleeve buttons appraised at \$500. It was written of the colonel, probably by himself, that "he is neither proud nor arrogant, but treats everyone with respect and in a sociable manner."

No paper had ever run a sports page like the one in the *Gazette*. Fox didn't see any reason why a boxing match couldn't be covered with the thoroughness given to a first-rate hanging. To test his revolutionary idea, Fox in the spring of 1880 dispatched Harding and several artists to Collier's Station, W. Va., to cover the Paddy Ryan-Joe Goss fight. Other papers had given little space to the match, favoring instead one between Garfield and Hancock for the presidency. Fox's special edition hit the competition like a left hook to the jaw. It included a blow-by-blow account of the 37 rounds that made Paddy Ryan "*Police Gazette* champion" and woodcuts depicting fans at ringside, the site and the gladiators. To meet the demand for copies, Fox kept his presses rolling for weeks. When sales reached a record 400,000, he knew he had a good thing.

A year later Fox was spending an evening in Harry Hill's Gentleman's Sporting Theater on the Lower East Side. Harry's was a smoky, noisy dive redolent of cheap beer and cheaper perfume. Its attractions were drunk, burlesque, boxing, wrestling and assorted ladies. Called "the best of the worst places," it was then the sporting capital of the country. Most of the important boxing matches were contracted for there, and Harry Hill, the proprietor, a broad bulldog of a man, often referred or held the stake money. Present besides Fox was a booze-loving kid from Boston named John L. Sullivan, who had come to New York to

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AT JOHN L.'S TRAINING GROUND
 FREIGHT HOOPLA TO BUILD INTEREST WAS ORIGINATED BY THE "GAZETTE"



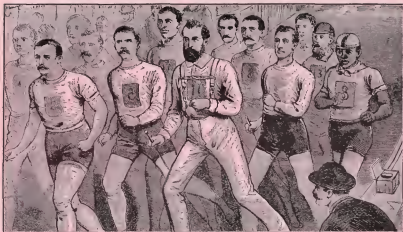
A MASQUERADE 'ON SKATES

ILLUSTRATING THE NEW SPORT OF "ROLLER-BINKING" WAS ANOTHER WAY OF UNCOVERING A FEW SHAPELY LEGS



AN OLDTIME RACE

THE 'GAZETTE' RE-CREATED AN 1845 MATCH RACE FOR \$20,000, WON BY PEYTONA OVER FASHION



THE GREAT WALK

THE FIELD GETS OFF IN A FOX-SPONSORED SIX-DAY RACE IN THE OLD MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

Deserted except for two newspapermen, he wept uncontrollably. When they told him that he had not disgraced himself, he stopped long enough to say, "No, I've lost my friend's money, and with their money goes their friendship."

While lining up challengers for Sullivan, Fox also fought to legalize boxing. He maintained that "scientific sparring exhibitions" were within the law, and with his lawyers, including Abe Hummel of the notorious firm of Howe and Hummel, he worked out a plan that would make boxing acceptable in New York. The court fights made good copy for the *Gazette*, and in defending boxing Fox was protecting his investment.

By 1882, only six years after he had taken over the *Gazette*, the paper was worth millions. Fox had \$3 million in cash, and to celebrate he built himself a seven-story headquarters near the Brooklyn Bridge. It cost more than \$250,000 and stood for almost 80 years, a monument to vulgarity. Fox decorated its 12 fire escapes with cast-iron figures of baseball players, fighters, jockeys and, modestly, the initials "RKF" entwined, appropriately, with four horseshoes. The clock on the roof, a New York landmark, once brought Fox hundreds of letters from angry citizens when it ran slow and made them late for work. Above the main entrance was the stone head of a fox. On two floors steam printing presses turned out the *Gazette* and hundreds of sensational and sporting books culled from its columns. Sold for a quarter, these books now fetch \$15 to \$30 each as collector's items. The reception room was a sports museum, the walls displaying gold and silver testimonials to the athletic way of life. Talk of money, bets and matches and cigar smoke filled the air.

As Fox accumulated more and more money from the *Gazette*, he turned to philanthropy. He renovated a rat-infested tenement in Chinatown and made it into a model development. Fox Flats rented for \$10 to \$15 a month, for which a tenant received hot and cold water, gas, a bathroom, steam heat, the use of a marble staircase in the lobby and such esthetic adornments as statues of Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, and Miss Lily Ross, the champion lady boxer of the world. Distinguished residents included

Chuck Connors, the so-called Mayor of Chinatown, who paid no rent, and a celebrated burglar, Barney (Piano Tuner) Blood, a habitué of Sing Sing. Fox misjudged this crew's readiness for model housing. Soon they were peddling the statues, the plumbing and, in one instance, a section of the marble staircase.

Disgusted, Fox moved on to more rewarding activities—his racehorse, *Police Gazette*, purchased for \$10,000; his amateur baseball team, the Foxes; and his European society friends, in whose company he found greater acceptance and respect than among highbrow Americans. In 1885 on a trip to London, Fox, whose first wife had died, met and married a tall, handsome Englishwoman named Helen Dods. Although friends considered the Foxes a "singularly happy couple" for almost 20 years, Helen one day in 1905 loaded her clothes into six trunks and disappeared on a boat to Europe. When Fox sued for divorce, the story that emerged rivaled anything he had ever run in *The Pinky*.

While traveling in Europe the year before, the Foxes had met and been charmed by a handsome Austrian named Alfred Stein. Almost 30 years Helen Fox's junior, Stein became infatuated with her (or her money) and followed the couple back to New York. Unknown to Richard K., the Austrian took rooms on West 36th Street, where Mrs. Fox visited him almost daily while her husband was downtown. When, at her suggestion, Fox and his eldest son took a trip to Florida, she and Stein booked passage to France. Fox returned and found in place of his wife's jewels a "Dear Richard" note. Though he put private detectives on the couple's trail, Fox never caught up with his wife. He won an uncontested divorce. In 1913 he married Emma Louise Robinson, who remained with him until his death.

Ironically, by the time the *Gazette's* editor became the victim of a love triangle, his weekly, widely imitated by the tabloids, had lost much of its vigor and sauciness. People could read all the spicy stories they wanted to, every day, in the other papers. Fox replaced his unique woodcuts with ordinary photographs of racing cars, horses, yachts, baseball players, boxers and now and then a modestly clad actress. Sports became the *Gazette's*

mainstay, and in 1905 Fox, "who seems to have the happy faculty of doing the proper thing at the proper time" (to quote his own paper), put up a \$1,000 cup for the winner of the World Series. By now, though, every daily in New York had a brightly written sports page. When the 18th Amendment dried up the *Gazette's* barroom circulation and women invaded the barbershops demanding bobbed haircuts, the paper started to slide. It was still sliding when Fox, worth almost \$2 million, died at his mansion in Red Bank, N.J. on November 14, 1922.

There were few mourners, but an epitaph might have been written from a puff the *Gazette* once ran in the '80s: "To see the slender, almost boyish proprietor of this wonderful business moving modestly and good-humoredly through its mazes . . . is to make one convinced that after all even Monte Cristo was a possible character, with the difference, however, that Monte Cristo had his fortune made for him, while Richard K. Fox forced fortune to smile on him by his own genius, good judgment and indomitable energy of will."

—MARVIN WEISBORD



THE JOCKEY'S MASH
A STROLL ON OPENING DAY AT JEROME PARK

Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST

When four of his best players were declared ineligible before the start of the season, NYU Coach Lou Rossini quite naturally looked to 6-foot-5 Barry Kramer, who plays with a fierceness that belies his off-court amiability, to carry the Violets. Kramer did it quite well, averaging 28.9 points (second best in the nation) as NYU won 10 of its first 12 games. Last week help returned in the form of reinstated Happy Hairston, a 6-foot-7 rebounder and scorer. When NYU played Furman in New York's Madison Square Garden the Paladins made the mistake of trying to run with the refurbished Violets and soon found it was futile. Breaking out of a good zone defense, Hairston scored 34 points, Kramer 32 and NYU ran off with the game, 108-82.

It hasn't been a happy season for St. John's. But Notre Dame, which just managed to beat Boston College 74-66 without talented sophomores Larry Sheffield and Ron Reed, now scholastically ineligible, proved to be a perfect foil for St. John's only weapon, a disciplined ball-control game. The Redmen, playing their potent game for all it was worth, upset the Irish 57-52.

Providence, hoping for a postseason tournament bid, was coming on fast. With little Vinnie Ernst triggering a flashy fast break, the Friars beat Massachusetts 80-61, DePaul 77-59 and Catholic U. 95-58. Holy Cross, too, was clamoring for recognition. The Crusaders beat Rhode Island 80-69, then cut down Villanova 77-62 before losing to Georgetown 85-84.

Niagara and Canisius, however, had their troubles. Syracuse harassed Niagara with a tight zone and newcomer Jim Scamias further embarrassed the Eagles with 24 points, including the winning one, as the Orangemen upset them 68-67. Canisius couldn't handle Villanova's Wally Jones, who scored 21 points, and lost to the Wildcats 79-60. But both came back, Niagara to beat St. Peter's 81-74 and Canisius to rout Manhattan 105-72. St. Bonaventure, meanwhile, defeated DePaul 71-67.

Philadelphia's Mid-Atlantic Conference teams had an easy week. St. Joseph's rolled over Mount St. Mary's 82-60 and Lafayette 78-60, slink little Temple outscored Muhlenberg 98-64 and Manhattan 57-47, and LaSalle took Gettysburg 80-63 and Syracuse 74-66 for its 10th in a row. But things weren't quite so settled in the Ivy League. While Penn, Princeton and Yale were busy fighting each other off, Cornell beat Harvard 68-54 and Dartmouth 75-62 and

slipped into first place. Penn defeated Yale 76-69, but lost to Brown 61-59, and Princeton dined Brown 71-63 and Yale 61-58.

Navy, finding it difficult to win, even put football Quarterback Roger Staubach to work against Penn State. He scored only one point as the Midlows lost again, 79-67. The top three:

1. NYU (19-3)
2. ST. JOSEPH'S (19-3)
3. PROVIDENCE (14-0)

THE SOUTH

All season long Georgia Tech had managed to win the close ones—four times in extra periods and six times by four points or less—but last week fortune fled. After edging past William & Mary 50-49 in its customary fashion, Tech got its comeuppance, not once but twice. First Tulane, last in the SEC and bearing a 10-game losing streak, caught the Jackets dawdling too long. Jim Kerwin, bandaged to his neckline to protect a torn hip muscle, scored 33 points and Tulane won 77-69 in overtime. Then LSU pecked away resolutely at a 12-point Georgia Tech lead, finally winning 56-54 on Sam Chase's two foul shots in the last seconds. With that, Tech fell into a third-place tie with Kentucky, behind Mississippi State and Auburn. Mourned Coach Chuck Hyder, "The bubble has just burst."

Duke's Atlantic Coast leaders were shaken but still sound. The Blue Devils started fast against Wake Forest and had the Deacons on the run after 14 minutes. Then, while Art Heyman and Jeff Mullins kept the corner defenders busy, 6-foot-11 Hack Tinson wrecked Wake inside. He scattered their zone with nine baskets in 11 tries, blocked eight shots and picked off 13 rebounds as Duke won 97-66. North Carolina State was tougher. Duke, caught up in State's slowdown, barely got away, 56-55. Meanwhile Wake Forest rallied to beat North Carolina 72-71 on Frank Christie's two foul shots.

Even West Virginians were beginning to wonder about their Mountaineers. West Virginia's famed zone press and some brilliant backcourt play by subs Ricky Ray and Donnie Weir bailed the team out 79-76 against Virginia Tech. But when the Mountaineers went to the press to protect a 13-point lead against William & Mary, Roger Bergey and Dave Hunter broke it with their dribbling, passing and shooting. Bergey got the last basket and the Indians won 75-72.

The Ohio Valley race was anybody's once again after Tennessee Tech upset Morehead 68-64. Miami, now 18-3, beat Jacksonville

112-105 and Louisville 94-84; Memphis State defeated The Citadel 72-63. The top three:

1. DUKE (17-12)
2. MISSISSIPPI STATE (16-4)
3. AUBURN (14-0)

THE MIDWEST

One by one, Missouri Valley teams were learning that there is just no way to stop Cincinnati. Drake got off to an early lead but then Cincy got down to business and the Bulldogs faded like a week-old flower, losing 71-60. Bradley's Chuck Osborn tried to jam Cincinnati's inside shooters with both a zone and a sagging man-to-man. The only trouble was that it left Larry Shingleton, who almost never shoots, free and willing. He sank seven of 11 shots. Still, Cincinnati led by only a single point, 60-59, with 38 seconds to play. Then Tony Yates dropped in two free throws and Cincy went on to win, 65-64, their 37th straight and 69th in a row at home. This left everybody else fighting for second place, with St. Louis in the lead. The Bills cracked Wichita's full-and-half-court presses and beat the Shockers off the backboards and on the scoreboard, 68-61.

There was hardly a contender in sight in the Big Ten after Illinois outscored and outshot Indiana 104-101 in a game where defense was forgotten, and then beat Michigan State 91-86. Ohio State and Minnesota tried to stay in the race. The Bucks beat Wisconsin 94-70, while Minnesota stopped last-place Purdue 80-73.

Colorado made the mistake of getting behind Oklahoma State in the second half and had to suffer through one of Coach Hank Hank's torturing stalls. The Cowboys held the ball for 8½ minutes, and gave Colorado its first Big Eight loss, 52-49. Kansas Coach Dick Harp was so inspired that he bravely predicted, "Colorado is not beyond our reach, even at Boulder." He was wrong. The big Colorado frontlines, Milt Mueller, Ken Charlton and Jim Davis, shrugged off the varied Kansas defenses and beat the Jayhawks 62-52. But the Buffs may have more trouble with suddenly aroused Kansas State, which stomped away from Missouri 90-55 and Oklahoma 100-69. Oklahoma State, too, was in contention after cooling off Iowa State 56-50. The top three:

1. CINCINNATI (18-1)
2. LOVELL OF OKLAHOMA (15-0)
3. ILLINOIS (14-3)

THE SOUTHWEST

How do you catch a runaway Longhorn? That was the question in the Southwest Conference and nobody seemed to have an answer. Texas A&M Coach Bob Rogers thought he could do it by stopping Texas' inside shooting. He succeeded at that, but Jim Gilbert and Jim Paryear shot over the Aggies for 42 points and the Longhorns won 70-59 at College Station, where A&M hadn't

continued



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 **MOTOROLA**

lost in three years. "We didn't think anybody could shoot like that," groaned Rogers. SMU went after Texas' outside shooters and got beaten inside when Mike Humphrey, Paul Futre, Matt Heller and Larry Franks fired away briskly to insure a 77-62 win and a 7-0 conference record. This left Rice the only serious challenger. The second-place Owls stayed alive by beating Baylor 62-54 and Texas Tech 89-77.

Arizona State's Sun Devils, with Art Becker and Joe Caldwell shooting well, overpowered New Mexico State 89-62 and Arizona 73-54 for their 44th straight at Tempe. Houston lost first-stringer Folly Malone and three other players for academic deficiencies, and then lost to Tula 76-69. But Texas Western earned a big victory. After beating Arizona 65-50, the Miners edged Utah State 57-55. The top three:

1. ARIZONA STATE (18-2)
2. TEXAS WESTERN (18-3)
3. TEXAS (18-3)

THE WEST

Coach Vance Carzetta of Seattle, irked by what he called "willful interference—calculated or otherwise" in recruiting and scheduling by Athletic Director Eddie O'Brien, announced he was resigning at season's end. This in turn irked The Very Reverend A. A. Lemsen, Seattle's president, who fired Carzetta on the spot. The team, meanwhile, kept winning. Center John Tresvant pulled down 40 rebounds as Seattle manhandled Montana 100-63, and the Chieftains then whipped Pacific 82-56.

Oregon State had problems, too. While Terry Baker sat on the bench nursing a toe infection and muttering, "This is ridiculous," Portland defeated the Beavers 67-58. But it was another story the next night at Corvallis, where Oregon State won 66-51. Oregon had even worse luck. The Ducks were beaten by powerful Idaho twice, 79-61 and 88-78 (see page 30).

The Big Six race is so confused it is hard to believe only six teams are in it. While Stanford was losing to USC 64-57 and beating UCLA 86-78, Washington moved into first place. The Huskies, executing Coach Johnny Grayson's finely timed screens skillfully, turned back California 64-62 and 65-58.

Brigham Young defeated New Mexico 76-73 and Wyoming 89-77 to tie Arizona State for the Western AC lead, but an even bigger surprise was Utah. Allen Holmes, recovered at last from a 1960 auto accident that threatened to cripple him for life, led the rejuvenated Utes past Wyoming 104-73 and New Mexico 74-57. Colorado State's Bill Green pushed in 48 points as the Rams thrashed Denver 79-57. The top three:

1. OREGON STATE (19-3)
2. STAMFORD (18-3)
3. UTAH STATE (17-4)

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Exchange of torch carried from ancient Olympics opening of Games of the 16th Olympiad at Melbourne takes place in an Australian pasture. Sports Illustrated, November 19, 1956.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information
of the week

BASKETBALL—**NBA** Syracuse, winning all five games, including a 125-109 victory over first-place Boston, has strengthened its strong second-place position in the East, as it showed by beating Detroit 162-135. Boston, meanwhile, was four, with Bill Russell joining Dolph Schayes as Syracuse is the league's all-time rebounder, with 11,322 in more than seven seasons. San Francisco's Bob Chamberlain was held down as defenses worked hard on him, his only big night being 16 points in a win over Cincinnati. The Warriors also beat Detroit 117-116 to take over third place in the Western Division after the Pistons had lost 126-105 in second-place St. Louis. Chicago game has questions in last place, played four times, lost once after a close battle with the Pistons and then a 100-90 loss to the Lakers. Lakers—showed by the absence of Jerry West—Chicago lost in the last five games, all by a total of six points. New York had a close luck. The Knicks played Boston twice and Syracuse twice, losing all four without a winner.

HOATING—**MRS. PAT DUANE**, with husband Jack in crew, bled out on her 70th birthday after 50 years with the 538,000 ft. Los Angeles Coliseum, the 216, 81 second FBA tour victory in a month.

BOXING—**ANDY MARZICH** of Long Beach, Calif. pulled five straight victories in the last round to win the \$38,000 St. Louis Fight of the Year, the 216, 81 second FBA tour victory in a month.

BOXING—**LAUREL PAPP**, 26, the only acknowledged professional athlete beat the first Captain to claim the European middleweight title. He had to spend nearly 100 days in the hospital, but he won the George Adonis for 14 rounds in Vienna, then won him down in rounds in the 15th that the referee called a brother to finish. The victory was a total of 20 wins to 20 draws and two draws in a position to challenge the winner of the Dick Tiger. Full-time world championship lost last night.

EMILE GRIFITH, world heavyweight titleholder, celebrated his 25th birthday by defeating C. C. Conner of Detroit, by a TKO in the fifth round in Copenhagen.

PRIME SKATING—**THE NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS** in Long Beach, Calif. saw a display of talent that could help the U.S. begin to establish itself as a leading nation in figure skating. Boston's Albertina Naves, 14, the 1961 novice skater, won the senior ladies; Tommy Litt, in third place after the compulsory figures, finished two triple jumps to win the senior men's over the reigning champion, Morris May, and Lorraine Harkin, 17, of Boston won the senior ladies.

THE EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP, in Budapest, awarded the men's title to Alan Calcutt of France, who only lost one round, while Karel Dolezal of Czechoslovakia could not compete. Spolake Dolezal, a 21-year-old Dutch girl, took her fourth straight European title. The European women's champion was won by West Germany's Marika Böhmer, 20, and Hans-Dieter Böhmer, 21, who put on a dazzling display to win the 1961 European title in a European championship. In second and third places were the two Russian pairs, whose impressive presentation indicated the U.S.S.R. has moved another step.

SOFT—**NANCY BETH**, a 23-year-old amateur from Hollywood, Fla., won her first major tournament in a row, the Palm Beach Women's Amateur, by defeating Nancy A. Amsler, Amateur Champion 1960-61.

HOCKEY—**NHL** It was a week of only seven games, and five were ties, but one that really counted was a 2-1 victory by fourth-place Detroit over Toronto. The Leafs had been tied, but they won by beating The Canadiens pulled out a 3-3 tie with last-place Boston for the one point that gave them sole possession of second. The other undefeated team was a 6-3 upset by New York over Montreal. Don McKenzie, traded from Boston, broke the tie for the Rangers and missed on the winning shot. A slide from rookie Guy Wray had seven strikes taken in his first in the first period and came back to hold Montreal scoreless. He also made 25 saves in a 3-2 tie with the league-leading Chicago Black Hawks.

HOCKEY—**WISCONSIN** (56-70) pulled out of fourth place on the final team in row with a pregame field goal included. Willie and Jasper and the 338,700 Wisconsin Hawks at Madison by a convincing 2-1, 1/2 goals over Rocky and Junior Valenkovs.

SKY WONDER (58-58), taking the slow track at Hualala, finished four under a minor hole by Steve Hualala, to win the seventh hole. Hualala's career in one round 58-58, seventh (see page 44), beating Gray Fox by a head and earning his way into the \$100,000 Hualala Stakes, the first major race this year for three-year-olds.

HOOT REPORTS—**JACK BRADSHAW**, the only driver to hold his own racer, won the 100-mile Australian Grand Prix with an average speed of 79.33 mph. Jack Norton finished second in 100 miles, and Bruce McLaren, driving a Cooper Climax, was third.

BOSS—**VESCO** of San Diego won the third annual Monterey Grand Prix of the U.S. at Daytona (Fla.) International Speedway aboard a 250-cu. Japanese Yamaha bike that both started and outlasted the heavier models entered.

SQUAD—**MARGARET VARNER** of Wilmington, Del. won the national women's squash singles championship for the fourth straight year, beating a field that included the British World Pool Cup Champion. She defeated the top-seeded English player, Brian's Stella Macintosh, 15-10, 15-6, 7-12, 15-10 in the final.

SWIMMING—**SATOKI TANAKA**, Japan's 21-year-old Olympic bronze medalist, broke the world record for 250-yard and 500-meter backstroke when he finished the former in 2:26.6 and Koshi Taniguchi won the 500-yard men's breaststroke in 2:34.6, during a dual meet in Sydney, Australia.

TRACK & FIELD—**THE LOS ANGELES TIMES** indoor track meet produced no world records, but there was dramatic action. Leader on the inside, and master teacher on the outside, 100, Kora Thomas finally beat Valer Brumel in the high jump, clearing 7 feet 10 inches. Igor Tikhonov won the two straight victories over Ralph Boston when he broadjumped 26 feet 1 inches to beat the American by 15 inches. In the mile, the winning time was 4:04.71, but the mile of the British was impressive. It was Jim Girdle who took a detouring field that he held the world record, world record holder, Peter Smith, and Canada's Bruce Reid. Hayes Jones was his 70th straight 40-yard hurdle event and equaled the most hurdles in history. Steve Haula dashed 60 yards in 7.0 to win, and Herb Carter dashed the 100-yard indoor record of 6.0 for the 60 yards. Gary Gentry, the young U.S. Olympian, who won 200 yards in 2:00.0, without his 100-yard victory, at a total record of 60 feet 7 inches, and Bill Carver, had his 100-yard victory from 100 yards. The 1,000-yard run after Hualala, Valer Brumel failed to fourth. The 500- and 400-yard runs were also dramatic, which provided the crowd of 13,439 with the best race in history. Steve Haula of Oklahoma won the 500 in 58.0, with 6 feet 10 inches and Mike Lantz, who won at 58.1, 10 feet 10 inches at 58.1. Jack Yerman won the 400 in 1:10.0 over George Jones and Willie Atterbury. In the high jumper, Peter Smith, Brian Stephens, 17-year-old Olympian from the University of Washington, jumped 16 feet 10 inches to dash from behind these two. Ron Martin, John Lyles and C. K. Yang.

WRESTLING—**THINKING DALLAS TEXANS**, of the American Football League, about moving to Kansas City, if Kansas will first buy 25,000 season tickets.

WRESTLING—**INDONESIA**, from the Olympics, the first member nation ever to win a medal, after being found responsible for "aggressive" behavior, which she found the Asian Games, and related to the 1960 and 1964 Olympic Games.

SENTENCED JACK MOLINARI, lawyer and former NBA player, to 10 to 15 years in prison for bribing college basketball coaches to get into the New York State, called him "a master thief" in the basketball scandal.

MOLINARI—**JOEL KAYES**, Auburn, finished sixth in the 100-meter race in the Southeastern Conference title, after a mild heart attack, for the rest of the season.

RETIRED WILBUR JOHNS, 59, after 26 years in the U.S. Air Force, department, 44 of them as director, where he helped what was the "Southern Branch" of the University of California, grow to be one of the nation's best-known universities.

RETIRED TOM BOLLES for 11 years as the athletic director at Harvard, where he helped formulate and maintain the school's Ivy League attitude toward athletics. He likely successor, assistant Adolph W. Oelrich, Sanborn.

DIED JAMES M. CURRAN, 81, of a heart attack, after only two years of retirement, following a 35-year career as crash coach at Minneapolis Army, where he produced such Olympic stars as Ted Meredith (800 meters) and Charlie Moore (400-meter hurdles).

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FACES IN THE CROWD

ROBERTA ALISON, a University of Alabama sophomore, is the first to benefit from a rule, known as the Alven amendment, which permits girls to compete on 34 varsity teams. Roberta, who will play soccer for Alabama, can be at her male teammates.

DE WAYNE (TIMMY) LUND, a solid (770-pound) center of South Carolina and a noted stock car driver, came up with a good testimonial for his dying camp on Lake Mead when he landed a 35-pound striped bass, a record for the San Jose Cooper lake.

MRS. PAULINE DOMICO, 28, a mother of three from Lincoln, headed the President's call to do more walking with a 50-mile stroll over the Nebraska country-side last week. She finished in 20 hours, giving the New York Times a pace worth matching.

TOMMY PEARALL, 21-year-old senior at Albright College, Pa., who makes up for his shyness (5 feet 8) with his long hair (across his face) and who has helped his school to two straight Middle Atlantic College Division basketball titles, last week scored his 2,000th point.

TAMMY DIX, 24, of Spokane, a skier who has gained attention as the 1958 Princess of the American Radio Association, showed she is in her best shape ever as she won the Sun Valley Open downhill and broke the course record in the Diamond Sun Standard Race.

GEORGE CHIGOL, 21, a wing on the University of North Dakota hockey squad, scored three goals in a brief 75 seconds of famous action to lead his team to a 10-2 victory over St. Boniface, Manitoba, and into first place in the Western Collegiate Hockey Association.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

16—For the 1961-62, 17—For the 1961-62, 18—For the 1961-62, 19—For the 1961-62, 20—For the 1961-62, 21—For the 1961-62, 22—For the 1961-62, 23—For the 1961-62, 24—For the 1961-62, 25—For the 1961-62, 26—For the 1961-62, 27—For the 1961-62, 28—For the 1961-62, 29—For the 1961-62, 30—For the 1961-62, 31—For the 1961-62, 32—For the 1961-62, 33—For the 1961-62, 34—For the 1961-62, 35—For the 1961-62, 36—For the 1961-62, 37—For the 1961-62, 38—For the 1961-62, 39—For the 1961-62, 40—For the 1961-62, 41—For the 1961-62, 42—For the 1961-62, 43—For the 1961-62, 44—For the 1961-62, 45—For the 1961-62, 46—For the 1961-62, 47—For the 1961-62, 48—For the 1961-62, 49—For the 1961-62, 50—For the 1961-62, 51—For the 1961-62, 52—For the 1961-62, 53—For the 1961-62, 54—For the 1961-62, 55—For the 1961-62, 56—For the 1961-62, 57—For the 1961-62, 58—For the 1961-62, 59—For the 1961-62, 60—For the 1961-62, 61—For the 1961-62, 62—For the 1961-62, 63—For the 1961-62, 64—For the 1961-62, 65—For the 1961-62, 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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

SOVIAUTOMATICS

Sirs:

The "success" story of Valeri Brumel (*The Big Jump*, Feb. 4) has about all the interest and excitement of a new scientific formula for a sports fan.

It was certainly a worthwhile article, however. After reading it I don't care if the Russians walk off with the next 50 Olympics. The U.S. produces athletes who are sportsmen rather than systematized machines regimented by the state.

I suggest that instead of watching the Soviautomatics at a track meet, people go to a nearby factory and watch a stamping machine in action. The development and objectives of both are identical.

DALE DONOVAN

Lynchburg, Va.

SAAB STORY

Sirs:

It would seem to the casual reader that the Ford Falcon Sprint, so beautifully immortalized in Kenneth Ruden's story on the Monte Carlo Rally, won the glory and honor of victory rather than the Carlsson SAAB (*The Axel Auto Ride*, Feb. 4). The Sprint may well have been minutes faster in the leg you mentioned, but you should consider the time relatively, as the SAAB engine displaces 841 cubic centimeters while the Ford engine has something over 4,000. After all is said, the Ford may have won a battle, but the SAAB won the war.

TOY BARRI

Meadville, Pa.

Sirs:

Don't you think your treatment of Winners Erik Carlsson and SAAB was somewhat shabby? When the hyperpowered car you drooled over can run up a rally record approaching that achieved by Carlsson and SAAB in recent years, then your flippant treatment of a two-time winning team might be merited.

HUGH R. RATHER

Milwaukee

24-SECOND COLLEGE

Sirs:

In your article on the Cincinnati-Illinois game (*Two Ways to Be Ruled* 1-2, Feb. 4) you state that for the last five minutes Cincinnati stalled and did not shoot. No wonder the pros outdraw the colleges.

I wonder how many times Chicago Stadium would be sold out if the people knew

ahead of time that they would be seeing the type of game you described.

I believe the colleges should have in effect a 24-second rule, for at least the last five or three minutes. This would result, I believe, in greater games, also larger crowds.

RON GELLAND

Fontana, Calif.

Sirs:

It appeared that the controversy regarding the use of the professional basketball 24-second rule in college games would always remain just that, a controversy that would never be resolved. I for one have always felt that such a rule did not have a place in the college game. However, after viewing the recent Cincinnati vs. Illinois game on January 28 I can only say, *bring on the rule*. An excellent game was turned into a fiasco. Why the best team in college basketball must stall for five minutes will always remain a question. Cincinnati has proved time and time again that it has the best team in the country, but to run scared is not a show of class. Work the ball until a scoring opportunity presents itself, yes, but pass up easy baskets and stand at mid-court with hands on hips, no. Let the players show they are the best and stop acting like bush leaguers.

ROGER J. KENNEDY

Cincinnati

TOURISTS' LITTLE ISLAND

Sirs:

In your January 21 issue you had a very nice spread on various activities in the Bahamas. One brief part of it was on the Cayman Islands, and at the very end of your Travel Facts you mentioned that Little Cayman was to have its own airstrip and hotel beginning next season. I would like to give you more up-to-date information. The airstrip is now in excellent condition and can easily accommodate the Twin-Boomer, which serves it regularly three times a week from Grand Cayman, or anything up to a DC-3 as a private plane.

The Southern Cross Club is now fully functioning with accommodations for 24 guests. It is run on the American plan, with rates of \$20 per day for single occupancy and \$35 for double. Although it is operated primarily as a private club with approximately 200 members, special arrangements can be made for others who wish to use its facilities.

LOGAN T. ROBERTSON, M.D.

Asheville, N.C.

continued



when this leads
to head cold
congestion

this relieves it
all day long



Winter means the excitement of winter sports. Great. But it can also mean sniffles, sneezes and nasal congestion. Not so great. That's where Contac comes in. Each Contac capsule contains over 600 tiny "time pills." They work fast for fast relief. And they keep working continuously to provide relief that lasts up to 12 full hours. So if winter fun leads to head cold congestion, get all day (or night) relief. Get Contac capsules at your pharmacy.

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15⁰ each

The man who smokes Golden Weddings insists on quality. Golden light Webster quality hasn't varied in 50 years. That's why it enjoys such a faithful following.



by any standard, an adventure in smoking

19TH HOLE - continued

SAYS WHO?

Sirs:

In regard to your comment on the length of baseball games (SCORECARD, Feb. 4), would you consider divulging your source of information?

I've heard sportscasters talk about it and read sportswriters' words on it, but I have yet to hear a baseball fan crying out to be given less for his money.

The pay in the ball park now pays about \$2.75 to watch a two-hour-and-45-minute game—that's one buck an hour. The way prices are rising and time-cutting plans developing, it won't be long before the poor baseball fan will have to pay some \$4 to watch an hour-and-a-half game—that's \$2.67 an hour. He wants this?

ALAN KOBS

Peoria, Ill.

THE HAWKS' BILL

Sirs:

Never have I been held to utterly enthralled and fascinated by an article in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED as by Bill Gilbert's story, *Parasol a Winged Hunter* (Feb. 4).

Bill is evidently an ardent and successful falconer, and true sportsman, too, but even beyond this he has a way with words that few people are fortunate enough to achieve with a lifetime of training.

The descriptions of the free hawk coming back for the first time to the falconer's wrist and the hawk on the hunt after the rabbit are simply styled yet paint a picture as vivid as a movie.

BERYL HAWKINS

Bristol, Tenn.

Sirs:

Bill Gilbert is the first writer to explain falconry to my satisfaction, even telling exactly why a flown hawk returns to the falconer instead of staying free—something that had always sorely puzzled me.

JIM JONES

Chapel Hill, N.C.

THE HAWKS' CUP

Sirs:

I think your article *The Black Hawks Are Beght Hopes* (Jan. 14) was one of the best I have ever read. In answer to Blair Slade of Toronto (19th Hole, Jan. 28), I would like to point out that the Hawks have now beaten the Maple Leafs the last two times they have played them. Both games were crucial and proved Chicago can win the big ones. I think a Toronto fan must admit that it will take some doing for the Leafs to catch the Black Hawks for first place.

In the spring the Stanley Cup will be back in Chicago where it belongs, and where it will stay for many more seasons.

JAMES C. KAJMARSKI

Chicago

BIG LITTLE SUCCESS

Sirs:

I enjoyed very much reading your article *The Toughest Babes Afloat* by André Fontaine (Jan. 28). The article is a fine tribute to the small boats that have been built to compete against their larger sisters all over the world, and it proves that the smaller boats can take it.

In respect to *Trine*, this boat, as mentioned in your article, was built by Bill Shaw. A great deal of the credit must go to Wilbur Scranton Jr. of New Haven, Conn., who commissioned Shaw to do the job. Between Scranton and Shaw almost a year was spent working over the design of this boat, and they came up with a topnotcher.

After the success of *Trine*, a number of Shaw 24s were built in Finland at the Vator Boat Yard and imported into this country through Norge Boat Sales in Connecticut.

In 1960 Bob Larsen and myself were intrigued with this design and went to Sparkman & Stephens, where Bill Shaw was working at the time, and asked them if they could produce this boat for us in fiber glass. The immediate answer was yes, and Bill Shaw went to work.

We bought this boat out under the trademark Dolphin and have built approximately 60 since that date.

Wherever there is top competition in small boats, Dolphins, their prototype *Trine*, or Shaw 24s are apt to be on top of the heap. This proves beyond a doubt that a well-designed, well-thought-out boat can compete against its larger sisters on a competitive basis and be just as safe.

GEORGE O. O'RAY

Boston

NEED FOR SPEED

Sirs:

Your articles on skiing and all the preparation for the Olympics are very good (*Meltemians for U.S. Ski Runes*, Jan. 14), but why don't you include some of the other major preparations for the Winter Olympics?

The trials for the U.S. Olympic speed skating team were being held at Lake Harriet in Minneapolis the weekend of February 2. Speed skating accounts for eight events in the Winter Olympics—which ranks it above Alpine skiing as far as points are concerned. The U.S. showing in this sport is usually woefully below the standards of the northern European nations, and a little publicity might help quite a bit in financing the team for the 1964 Olympics in Innsbruck.

Although about half of our country has a climate that would support outdoor ice there are only three Olympic-size tracks west of the Mississippi at this time. One is in Minneapolis, one is at Squaw Valley and one is in Butte, Mont.

BRECK M. BALL

Bozeman, Mont.

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THE RIVIERA COACHWORK

The Riviera is a manufacturing achievement unique in modern industry. It combines the best of modern, electronically controlled precision with the craftsman's traditional regard for perfection of detail.

Two small examples:

Notice the fit of the door glass into the roof of the car. It is dust-tight, trim. To obtain this immaculate effect, Buick, General Motors and Fisher Body used a new method of manufacturing the doors. The craftsman who makes the final adjustments of the window mechanism

now enjoys full access for absolute precision. A more expensive method of assembly, but the results in beauty and function are worth it.

Now notice the rear deck metalwork. From roofline to bumper is a smooth, seamless stretch of gleaming surface. This tailored elegance is achieved in the Riviera . . . and in only one or two other of the world's great cars costing more than double Riviera's price.

These are but two of the details which make the Riviera a great possession. See it at your Buick dealer's.

The Riviera by Buick . . . America's bid for a great new international classic car